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EDITORS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS
JOHN T. HACKETT
HENRY F. PRINGLE
PARKHURST WHITNEY

ASSOCIATES

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WALTER R. BROOKS
HELEN CHANDLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, August 7, 1929. Volume 152, Number 15. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Robert H. Woods; Sec'y. Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

OCCASIONALLY, friends of ours who have time for a moment of idle curiosity ask us how we secure the articles we print. Well, one of the ambitions of The Outlook and Independent is to be a magazine which presents its readers with the complete truth of what is actually going on in the world these days. And this is the answer to the leading article in this issue, "What Admirals Think."

MR. MITCHELL, its author, went to London in 1926 as the representative of the New York World. In London his curiosity became aroused over the mysterious and important activities of the British Admiralty. During some two years he watched them in their efforts to maintain the British Navy at its most powerful peak. He came to know their point of view intimately.

IN THE CASE of Mr. Smertenko's article, its author chanced to drop in for a talk with the editors of The Outlook. As an author and lecturer who has traveled widely in this country, Mr. Smertenko had been fascinated by the problem of the Jew in this country. As a traveler in Europe, he had observed bitter prejudice against the Jew. Out of the conversation of that morning evolved his "The Jew: A Problem for America."

"FASHION, BEAUTY and Brains" by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman simply came in the morning's mail; a result of relationship with its author. Needless to say, it was immediately accepted when it was read.

James Boyd's editorial "The Prospect for American Literature" was one of the direct results of our effort to enlist the interest of the group of distinguished men who now contribute, each on his own subject, to that particular department. To our mind it is the most intelligent recognition we have seen of the part ordinary people must necessarily play in shaping the future of art, literature or drama.

And there we are! You'll have to explain the rest of the magazine for yourself.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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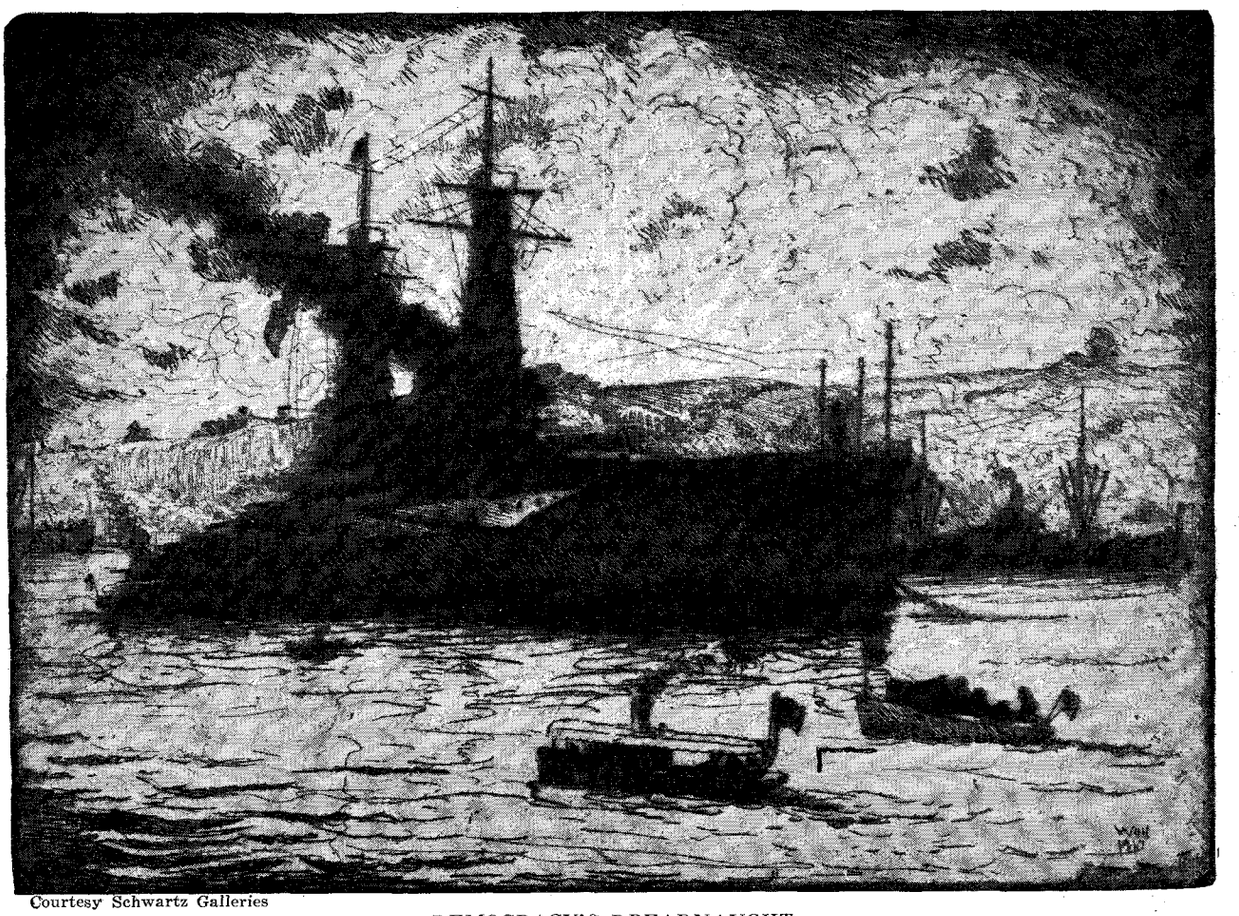

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DEMOCRACY'S DREADNAUGHT

The U. S. S. Texas in the Hudson River—An Etching by Bernardt Wall

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Outlook
and Independent
August 7, 1929

What Admirals Think

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

Behind the statesmen who wrestle with the problem of naval parity stand the Admirals. Stern, patriotic gentlemen, they are less interested in peace than in defense. Their idea of equality is a fleet just as strong or a little stronger —than the other nation's. The admirals are influential, mysterious, secretive, and the part they play seldom reaches print. Mr. Mitchell, who observed the British Admiralty in action when he was London correspondent of the New York "World," here explains what the Admirals are thinking about freedom of the seas and the proposed conversations between President Hoover and Premier MacDonald

SOME six weeks or more ago, General Charles G. Dawes, freshly appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, leaped from a trans-Atlantic liner, and pausing briefly to shout a hello to King George at Windsor, dashed on to Lossiemouth, in Scotland, where J. Ramsay MacDonald awaited him. A great deal was said about peace. The new Labor Prime Minister told of his intention to come to Washington, and, face to face with President Hoover, bring about the ending of the unfortunate naval race which had begun between the two countries.

Last week, at the same instant the Kellogg Pact was proclaimed to be in force, Mr. Hoover announced that we, for the present, would postpone our naval building program. Mr. MacDonald, in the House of Commons, made a similar announcement, but his voice, in the opinion of some of his listeners, lacked the exultant ring of Lossiemouth. Immediately after Lossiemouth, a series of newspaper dispatches, quite obviously inspired by President Hoover, came from Washington, stating, with an undercurrent of irritation, that if Mr. MacDonald came to the United States, he needn't expect Mr. Hoover to discuss the freedom of the seas. Mr. Hoover, it was made clear, did not care to have the subject mentioned.

Presumably this news made anything but pleasant reading for Mr. MacDonald, over in England. All through the British electoral campaign in May, he had been talking about settling the problem of the freedom of the seas with America. His eagerness to visit Washington began visibly to cool. It was announced that he would be unable to come in August, as he had at first planned. Now Mr. MacDonald declares he would like to come in October, but that even this date is quite uncertain.

In the freedom of the seas, Mr. MacDonald brought up an issue which previously the spokesmen for both the United States and England had been careful to avoid. It is the issue which, in the opinion of competent observers, is at the root of the naval rivalry between the two nations, and some day may conceivably precipitate war. Many members of both the American and British Governments regard it with apprehension. In particular, it is believed to be a source of great anxiety to Admiral Charles F. Hughes, Chief of Naval Operations, in Washington, and, in London, to Sir Charles E. Madden, Bart., G. C. B., G. C. V. O., K. C. M. G., etc., First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet, etc.

Parenthetically, it may be pointed out that while Admiral Hughes has no mysterious initials after his name, and has his office in the same building in which William Jennings Bryan, as Secretary of State, once sat in shirt sleeves and suspenders, waving a palm-leaf fan, he commands just as many battleships as Sir Charles.

Admiral Hughes and Sir Charles are the heads of their respective fleets, but it would not be fair to single them out as the men who are preventing an Anglo-American naval accord. All American and British admirals, at the present time, are violently suspicious of each other's position on the freedom of the seas, and they have succeeded in communicating this distrust, in large measure, to the diplomats and politicians.

Most of us want peace. We are incredulous when we hear that many responsible people believe another war is on its way. The United States probably has never had a shrewder, abler, representative than Alanson B. Houghton, General Dawes's predecessor in London. Recently, on landing in New York, Mr. Houghton discussed foreign affairs. The economic condition of Europe he thought most encouraging. He wished he might say as much for the international political situation. In his judgment, he said, things are worse today than ever they were in 1914.

OTHER EQUALLY eminent people deprecate the possibility of war. Very likely one guess is precisely as good as another. But, putting the question of future war aside, there is no informed person who does not regard the strenuous naval rivalry between our country and England as highly disquieting.

We Americans, during the cruiser debate in Congress last winter, heard dark hints about the treachery of the British. The impression which the big-

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navy Senators and Representatives sought to create was that we, out of our simple good nature, had sunk most of our fleet, while the British, working furiously night and day, had constructed a vast armada which soon would sail over here and do something dreadful to us.

None of this, of course, is true. We are, like Mr. Bryan, doubtless a simple people, and our admirals are simple, too, but they are not as simple as all this. They did not sink our fleet, and the British have observed the terms of the Washington Disarmament Conference with correctness.

The real reason for the hostility displayed towards England, insofar as there was any reason, was something quite different. There is good cause to believe that this outburst in Congress was powerfully encouraged, if not actually instigated, by our American admirals. They believed, and believe today, privately and among themselves, that Great Britain is trying to jockey the United States into an agreement on the freedom of the seas which may, under certain circumstances, turn our warships into auxiliaries of the British Grand Fleet.

Nothing of this was mentioned in the Congressional debates. It might seem reasonable, if the admirals fear such machinations, for them to speak out and warn the rest of us. But, Admirals Sims and MacGruder to the contrary notwithstanding, admirals are most often anything but bluff, forthright seadogs. They are more apt to surround all they do with a somewhat Gilbert-and-Sullivan secrecy.

This, in the opinion of many observers, does enormous harm. We hear our admirals, particularly Admiral Hilary P. Jones, talking vaguely at Geneva about British gun elevations and small cruisers, and we feel that something is wrong, without ever quite understanding what it is. British admirals are equally secretive, and so, apparently, are the admirals of any nation. It seems to be part of an admiral's nature.

There is an explanation for this which sounds very plausible. Every country maintains a staff of spies. Most army secrets can be locked up in a safe, but battleships are large, extremely visible objects, and if they have secrets about them, as most battleships have, a spy has a good chance to learn what these are. Naval officers, from midshipmen up, are impressed with the necessity of being devious and suspicious.

According to reliable reports, a great deal of spying goes on. In London, a short time ago, it was said that the Japanese had become a real nuisance. They were credited with being marvelously adept, and seemingly stole state documents for the sheer virtuosity of it, for their country had no concern with the purely European questions then being discussed. Finally they began planting their trophies where they would be found by the countries which were not supposed to see them, and there was a great outcry.

Underwood

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN

Both the American and British navies have their own special spies, and sometimes they outshine the admirals themselves. To some English naval officers the most glamorous man in the last war was not Fisher nor Jellicoe nor Beatty, but a spy called Mr. C.

Mr. C's greatest exploit, according to the legend which has grown up around him, was impersonating a member of Gen. Ludendorff's staff, and taking lunch with Emperor Wilhelm at German G. H. Q. It is known that Ludendorff habitually entrusted matters of great importance to young officers, and that the Kaiser's entourage was accustomed to receiving messengers from him whom they had never seen before, so this story may very likely be based on fact. Mr. C. is also supposed to have gone into Moscow, at the time, just after the War, when the British were attacking from Archangel, and to have gained the confidence of Lenin and Trotsky to such an extent that he was made an official of the Bolshevik government.

Even lesser spies are felt to be romantic characters. One Londoner tells of turning into his Piccadilly club at about three in the morning, while the War was on, and finding a man, dressed in the uniform of a German submarine captain, asleep in the billiard room. While he went to rouse the club servants, the man vanished, and it was not until after Armistice that he discovered that the man had been dear old Bilkinsop, who had flown back from the North Sea to report to the Admiralty, and not anticipating that any one would be up and about at such an hour, sneaked into the club for a few minutes' sleep.

The ability of the British Admiralty's secret service is widely admitted, even by Americans. An attaché of our Embassy in London declares that more than once our navy during the War was forced to ask its help. There is an unkind rumor among foreigners that the Admiralty does not hesitate to spy even on its own government whenever it is suspected that the Foreign Office, or the Army, or whoever else, is contemplating some step which the Navy ought to know about.

According to the rules of the game as it now is played, it is no reflection on either Navy to suggest that British agents at this very minute are spying on Admiral Hughes, and that American agents are spying on Sir Charles Madden. In the United States, the spy-scares which periodically sweep European countries are unknown, but spying goes on continually, and it is obvious that it does not tend to establish an atmosphere of frankness.

There is another reason why our admirals are inclined to keep to themselves, and not take the rest of us into their confidence. Each year a naval appropriation bill comes before Congress, and each year the administration, thinking of taxes, wants to keep it as small as possible. The admirals, quite naturally, have come to feel that they are the only ones who have the nation's safety at heart. To them, the rest of us are divided into a group of traitorous politicians, who would strip America of its last ship and gun, and an indifferent,

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unpatriotic public which is willing to countenance this outrage without protest.

Most American tourists who have been to London have seen, from the Horse Guards' Parade, the massive buildings of the British Admiralty. High up among the chimney pots on the roof, if you look carefully, you will see a slender wireless mast. Sir Charles Madden in his offices below, can, by means of a series of relays, speak instantaneously to any ship on any ocean. Everything else about the Admiralty is as extraordinary as its wireless, including its official status. The remainder of the government, of course, is under the authority of the Cabinet and Parliament. The Admiralty is supposed to represent the person of the Lord High Admiral, and to possess his powers, which coming directly from the Crown, owe nothing to the civil authorities. In histories of the British government, it is often pointed out that the Admiralty is a temporary expedient. In characteristic British fashion, it has been a temporary expedient. In characteristic British fashion, it has been a temporary expedient since before 1690.

This may sound entertaining enough, but it has serious political consequences. The Sea Lords—there are five of them, Sir Charles Madden is First Sea Lord, and receives 2,280 pounds per annum and half pay of rank—have never formally recognized the right of the Cabinet to make any decision affecting the Navy without their approval. There is no need for Americans to delve into this long-standing feud. All that is of importance to us is that no Government—except once during the Napoleonic Wars when the King intervened—has ever dared act against the advice of the Sea Lords.

This has become an axiom of English politics. Any member of the House of Commons will assure you that if it were known that the Sea Lords felt a Prime Minister was jeopardizing the security of the Empire, and were prepared to resign in protest, the Government would be immediately voted out of office. There is no reason to anticipate that Mr. MacDonald intends to defy the Admiralty. While he was Prime Minister in 1924, according to common report, he was notoriously docile. However much he may wish to make a naval peace with the United States, and however willing he may be to make us generous concessions, it is necessary to remember he can move only as fast and as far as Sir Charles and the other Sea Lords will permit.

Our admirals, of course, are far less important. In any trial of strength between them and President Hoover, they would undoubtedly come off second-best. Yet they have a certain degree of power. Mistrusting Congress as they do, they have for many years, as a patriotic duty, maintained a semi-social, semi-political lobby at Washington, which has a considerable influence. Its spokesman in Congress is Senator Hale of Maine, who follows his father both as a Senator and as a friend of the Navy. Senator Hale and Admiral Hughes, between them, manage to obtain most of the things which the Navy wants.

Underwood

ADMIRAL CHARLES F. HUGHES

Some critics accuse the admirals of deliberately trying to obstruct a naval agreement in order to hang on to their own jobs. This is probably exaggerated. Two or three weeks ago, in England, the great British naval captain, Lord Beatty, officiated at the launching of one of those small cruisers which are so offensive to our admirals, at a Vickers-Armstrong shipyard. He spoke gloomily of the hardships which further disarmament would bring to the Navy and to the munition firms. And then, surprisingly enough, he declared that both naval officers and arms manufacturers would do well to hunt around and find other jobs, because disarmament would be an excellent thing for England and for the rest of the world. As for the pacifist accusation that the admirals are actively fomenting war, Winston Churchill, in his account of the last war, cynically remarks that the Battle of Jutland was not fought to a conclusion chiefly because the admirals were so enamoured of their beautiful fighting ships that they could not bear to risk the possibility of losing any of them.

Probably the worst that can be said about the admirals is that they are inclined to be devious and secretive, and hold an absurd idea of their own importance in the scheme of things. They are, on the whole, good men, and generally they show a touching devotion to their country's interests. This last quality is, however, something of a drawback as far as the progress of disarmament is concerned. The admirals, apparently, are ready to agree to disarmament only providing that the other fellow disarms as much as they do, and, if there is any way they can trick him into it, just a little bit more. The freedom of the seas discussion, as proposed by Mr. MacDonald, is, in the judgment of our admirals, precisely such a trick. They heartily approve President Hoover's refusal to consider it.

The world strategy of our admirals is based on what their distinguished predecessor, Admiral Mahan, set down in his book on sea power. Mahan, it will be recalled, expatiated on the peacetime usefulness of a navy in bullying other nations. Especially it served to scare off competitors. It was no accident, he pointed out, that most of the unattached loot scattered around the world—India, Egypt, Suez, South Africa—had gradually found its way into British hands. Mahan was the first man to set forth the doctrine of a dominant navy as an instrument of empire.

Now, as every proper admiral knows, your navy acts as a threat in two ways. It can meet the enemy, as Nelson did at Trafalgar Bay, and make him yours. But infinitely more important, it can cut off the enemy's commerce and starve him to death.

England itself, being an island, might conceivably be wholly isolated by a fleet. But this is true of few other countries. Almost every one has, in addition to its seacoast, land frontiers, and if the nations neighboring these frontiers remain neutral, it can import such supplies as it needs. It cannot, by international law, purchase actual munitions of war from neutral nations or their merchants, but there is nothing to prevent it from buying the raw stuff—steel, chemicals, brass, cotton—from which munitions can be manufactured.

Consequently, a navy, to fulfill its

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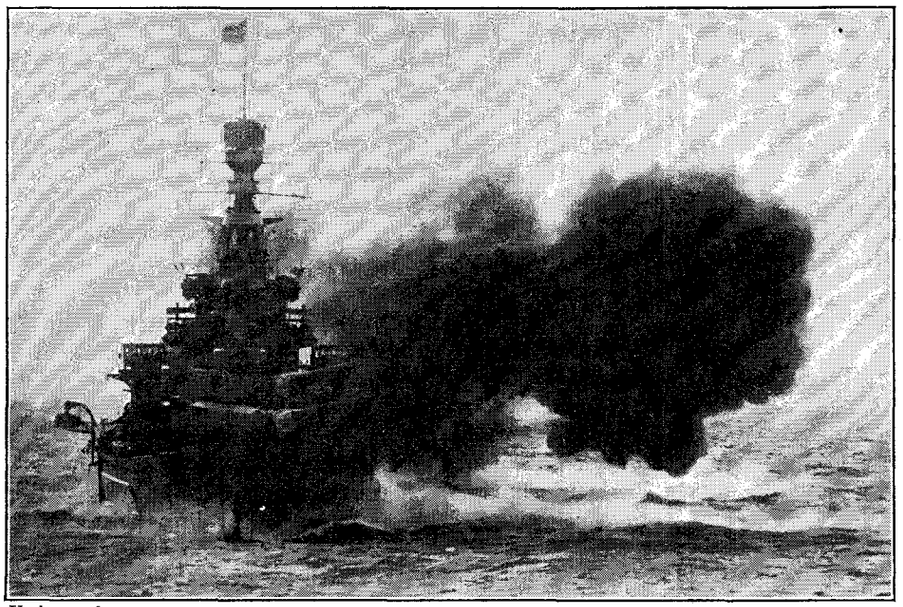

Underwood

H. M. S. Repulse Firing a Salvo

duty, must be able not only to intercept all supplies going directly to the enemy, but all supplies going to neighboring neutrals. This was exactly what the British Fleet did in the case of Germany. The entire coast of northwestern Europe, from France clear around Cape North to the Arctic Ocean, was sown with mines. All commerce with Germany was forbidden. Then, by an Order in Council, all ships, of whatever country, bound for any of Germany's neutral neighbors, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, were commanded to touch in first at England. There their cargoes were inspected. Anything which a British Admiralty official decided would possibly find its way later into Germany, was seized, taken to a Prize Court, and invariably confiscated. The neutral ship, with whatever remained of its cargo, was then permitted to proceed to its destination, escorted through the mine fields along secret and changing channels by a dancing British cruiser.

One such case, since become famous among international lawyers, will illustrate the efficiency with which the Admiralty did things. A neutral vessel, laden with a cargo of butter for Denmark, lay obediently in one of the English ports, waiting to be cleared. The Admiralty inspector began to meditate. Finally he consulted a digest of the world's trade. He discovered that prior to the war, Denmark had been a producer of butter. Why, he asked himself, were the Danes now importing it? Obviously to sell to Germany to be put on the bread of Hun soldiers. The Prize Court upheld this reasoning, and from then on, butter became Conditional Contraband.

The British Fleet, from a technical point of view, did an excellent job, and the Germans slowly starved. There was for a while, however, one great flaw in the Admiralty's blockade, which disturbed it far more than the German undersea boats were ever able to. This was the United States and the United States Navy.

In 1915 and 1916, most neutral vessels did exactly what they were told to do. Not so the Americans. They insisted upon what they declared to be their rights as neutrals. They declined to come in to England to be searched, they declined to stop and be searched on the high seas, and in many cases, probably did transport cargoes which eventually reached Germany. Behind them, the American sea captains had our Navy, which was, even in those days, large enough for the British to have to respect.

On a few occasions, British cruisers, catching American vessels out of bounds, seized them, and most people can remember the indignant protests of President Wilson. Five months before we went to war with Germany, we were perilously near war with Great Britain. Once we were in, however, the whole situation changed overnight. Our Navy began to co-operate with the British Fleet, and the blockade became absolute.

The last war and its lessons have been minutely studied by the fighting men of all nations. The conclusion which they have drawn, apparently, is something like this: The British Fleet can lay down an effective blockade, only if it gets the help of the American Navy.

These last few years, whenever England, in diplomatic language, says to another Power: "You'd better look out what you're doing, or my Fleet'll get you," the other Power is likely to retort: "We aren't scared of your Fleet, because the Americans won't pay any attention to your old blockade."

The right of a neutral to trade with another neutral in time of war, and the right, indeed, to trade with a belligerent, if an actual, visible blockade is not in force, is called the doctrine of the freedom of the seas.

As long as we maintain a great fleet, and as long as we stick to our intention of insisting upon the freedom of the seas, the peacetime threat of the British Navy is materially lessened. England can no longer bully other nations with the old readiness. The British Grand Fleet is no longer an all-powerful instrument of empire.

Very likely this seems highly metaphysical, but as a matter of fact, it has every-day, practical consequences. About two years ago, the British Government became angry with the Chinese Nationalists at Hankow. The Admiralty proposed to teach them a good, sound lesson, or, as it was phrased, "to protect British interests." The United States, for various reasons, was friendly to the Chinese. The English faced the fact that, however many of their cruisers patrolled the Yellow Sea, we would go right on trading with China. The Admiralty abandoned its plans, and the English lost an immense amount of "face" throughout the whole East.

The present state of affairs, it is easy to see, must be extremely distasteful to Sir Charles Madden and his fellow Sea Lords. It is correspondingly gratifying to our admirals, and any suggestion of a change meets their approval. They do not intend to let Mr. MacDonald inveigle us into abandoning our claim that the seas must be free. The position of our admirals, as far as it can be learned, is that America would thereby bind itself in effect never to help, as a neutral, any enemy of England. Our country, morally and legally, would be pledged to aid in enforcing the sea-rule of the British cruisers. We would make ourselves, automatically, the passive allies of Great Britain.

Just before Mr. Hoover let it be

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known that he would not discuss the freedom of the seas, Mr. Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was observed to be very active. Apparently Mr. Borah shares the viewpoint of the admirals, and, while he has anything to do about it, the United States is not likely to enter any alliances, active or passive, however tenuous they may be.

The freedom of the seas also helps to explain the bitterness of the cruiser controversy between America and England. The Admiralty has asserted that England must have a large number of small cruisers in order to police its great Empire. This would not seem to concern the United States, but at the Coolidge Disarmament Conference at Geneva in 1927, Admiral Hilary P. Jones unaccountably refused to agree to the British small cruisers, and the Conference broke up. What presumably the American admirals would not say aloud was that they believed these cruisers were to seize neutral shipping with, and that our shipping would be their first victims.

In the opinion of observers, our admirals, for this reason, will never willingly consent to the British desire for small cruisers. It is significant to recall that Mr. MacDonald has said that he believed his country would never settle the cruiser controversy until an agreement had first been reached with the United States on the freedom of the seas.

Apparently until Mr. Hoover's warning was given out, Mr. MacDonald entertained real hopes of persuading America to reconsider its position. From Mr. MacDonald's speeches, it is evident that these hopes were based on the Kellogg Pact. By this treaty, the principal nations of the world have agreed with America not to go to war. If any one of them now does go to war, it will have broken its solemn covenant with us, and will be, in the Kellogg phraseology, a "mad dog." Surely the United States will not demand the right to trade with a mad dog. The doctrine of the freedom of the seas, as the British reason it out, can no longer have any importance, or even meaning.

It is evident from President Hoover's attitude, that this reasoning, for all its ingenuity, is not accepted at Washington. Nevertheless, impartial onlookers agree that it has a certain plausible sound. It is not considered strange that the American admirals and President Hoover are not anxious to have a public discussion of the freedom of the seas hard on the signing of the Kellogg Pact.

Perhaps the oddest fact about the whole controversy is that, historically, England is the traditional champion of the freedom of the seas, and we are the doctrine's opponents. The issue, in modern form, was born out of our Civil War. English factories desperately needed Southern cotton, and the South desperately needed English manufactures, and between them lay the blockading Union Fleet. It was consequently arranged that the English merchants should ship their goods to Nassau, the port to which English liquor is shipped today. Confederate blockade-runners, shallow and fast like the boats of modern bootleggers, were to bring out cotton to Nassau and sneak back with a return cargo. The scheme worked with great success, and the North became heartily sick of it. Finally Union warships began to seize the slow, unwieldy English merchant ships before they arrived at Nassau. They were, of course, British ships, laden with British goods, plying between two British ports, and if the Victorian, English middle-class had not shrunk from aiding the cause of slavery, there would have been war between the United States and Great Britain.

The English merchants whose goods had been seized filed claims against the North through their Government. These claims, without exception, were some ten years later decided against America. In attempting to defend the action of our warships, American jurists thought up something which they called the "doctrine of continuous voyage." The British cargoes, according to this doctrine, were liable to seizure because they had been on a continuous voyage from England to the Confederacy, and the fact that they were trans-shipped at Nassau had nothing to do with the case. This doctrine was disputed by English jurists, and acrimonious wrangling has gone on among lawyers ever since about the rightness or wrongness of this American thesis. It is necessary to say that the best world opinion has always held that the United States was in the wrong.

With the outbreak of the last war, England, true to its tradition, announced it would adhere to the Declaration of London, the great charter of freedom of the seas. Not unnaturally, however, as soon as the war was under way, the British Fleet was seizing neutral shipping right and left, over all the seven seas. They did not, however, abandon their principles. Neutral shipping was being seized, the English announced, simply and solely because the German undersea boat campaign had forced them, much against their wishes, to these measures of retaliation. To this day, among international lawyers, the doctrine of the freedom of the seas is spoken of as the British position.

There is one last thing which has to be said about the admirals and their differences of opinion. It is that most professional fighting men, except themselves, believe that within a few hours

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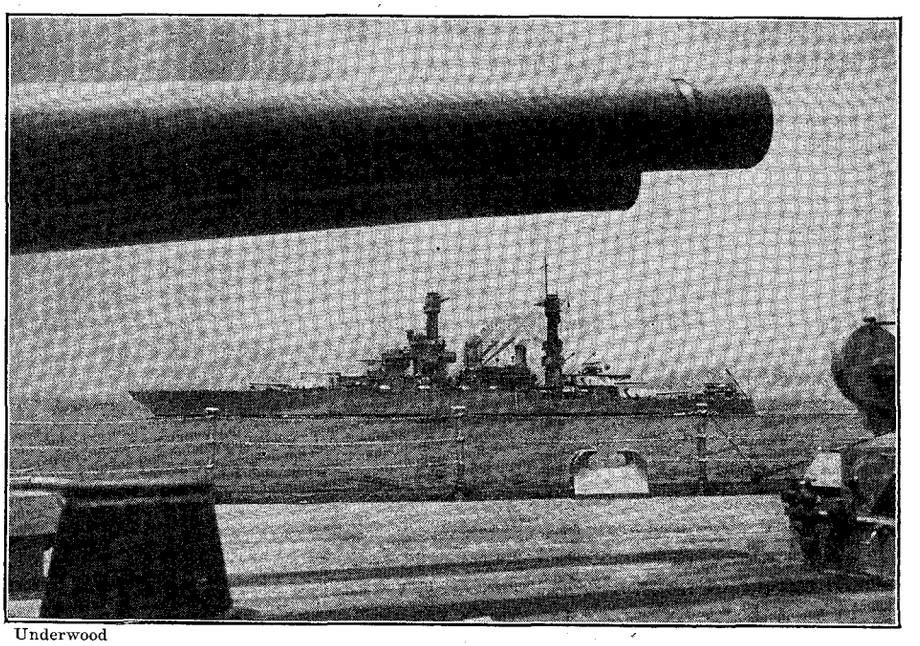

Underwood

THE U. S. S. MARYLAND
Seen under the 16-inch guns of the West Virginia

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In The Lion's Den

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

Content but not satisfied with her minor victories in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, Carry Nation laid plans for a major offensive. She selected the notoriously wet city of Wichita as the key to the entire situation in Kansas. Events proved her to be a shrewd strategist. When she departed, after fearful carnage, the saloon was doomed throughout the land

WHEN Carry Nation went to Wichita to inaugurate the smashing campaign which brought her international renown, drove Kansas to the verge of civil war, and marked the beginning of the period of anti-liquor aggressiveness which resulted so disastrously to the saloon, her age was exactly fifty-four years and one month, a fact which is seldom considered by critics who profess to discern great significance in the circumstance that she was old and ugly. Apparently they forgot that when a woman's years number almost three score she is seldom otherwise. Her shoulders and hips were very broad and her bust fully developed, and at first glance she seemed dumpy, even squat. But her appearance was deceptive, for she was almost six feet tall and weighed between 175 and 180 pounds. Her hair was iron-gray, and her eyes were small, very black and piercing, and were set close together beneath bushy eyebrows which she would no more have plucked than she would have drunk a quart of whisky. Her nose was flat and thick, almost negroid in type. Her lips were thin, and when she was not talking, they were tightly compressed, and gave the impression that they were with difficulty damming a torrent of words. In repose her countenance was motherly and benign, but she had no more control over her facial expression than over her emotions, and when she was aroused, her face was distorted and her eyes blazed and glittered with fury. A life-time of laborious physical toil had calloused and thickened her hands, and had so hardened her muscles that she possessed unusual strength, as policemen and other peace officers learned to their sorrow when they attempted to handle her with the gentleness which they considered to be due a lady. Often the combined strength of several men was scarcely sufficient to control her, and she delighted in wrenching the arms of policemen and shoving them about. Her favorite method of resistance, however, was to seize her assailant by the ears and waggle his head rapidly back and forth, meanwhile fairly blistering him with a torrent of fiery invective.

On her first night in Wichita, Carry Nation did no smashing, and although she visited more than a dozen saloons, she made no comment and proffered no advice until she reached the barroom in the basement of the Hotel Carey, which was owned by Thomas and John Mahan, who also operated a storage warehouse wherein they handled whisky and beer in case and carload lots. The Carey was the show saloon of Wichita and, indeed, was one of the finest in the Middle West, only a little less renowned than the famous Alcazar saloon of Peoria, Illinois, the bar and floor of which were of onyx and marble. The Carey was finished, as to wall and ceiling, with blocks of gray stucco which had been removed from various buildings at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and the long, curved bar was of cherry wood, handsomely carved and polished.

A BRASS railing ran the length of the bar, and scattered about the room were half a dozen enormous brass spittoons, without which no saloon of the period was complete. But it was not the historical value of the stucco or the elegance of the ornamentation that attracted Carry Nation's disapproving attention; it was an oil painting of "Cleopatra at the Bath," which hung behind the bar that it might be constantly before the eyes of the customers, and charm them into replenishing their glasses. Cleopatra was depicted in a condition of extreme nudity, as were half a dozen Roman and Egyptian maidens who surrounded her couch, while the two huge eunuchs who languidly plied fans above the dark head of the queen wore only the conventional loin cloth.

Carry Nation had always been, and throughout her life continued to be, inexpressibly horrified by the pictorial representations of the female form which graced the walls of the American saloon. Amateur psychologists who have devoted a few minutes to the task of explaining her are fond of proclaiming that this was evidence of a bitter hatred of youth and beauty, born of the fact that she was herself neither young nor handsome. But they have failed to reconcile their theories with the fact that Carry Nation often visited art galleries and museums and gazed without blinking upon statuary and paintings of nude women. With the exception of a crude and vulgar statue in the lobby of the New York hotel and a few prints in the office of a Topeka judge whom she disliked intensely, she never made any outcry against such works unless she encountered them in barrooms. And certainly a very elastic imagination was required to discern even a modicum of esthetic beauty in the paintings which were commonly used as saloon decorations in pre-Prohibition days. A few were copies of masterpieces vulgarized by the tawdriness of their surroundings, but the vast majority were frankly pictures of naked women, and saloon-keepers purchased them simply for their pornographic appeal; men enjoyed looking at them and they drew business.

"It is very significant," wrote Carry Nation, "that pictures of naked women are in saloons. Women are stripped of everything by them. Her husband is torn from her, she is robbed of her sons, her food and her virtue. The motive for doing this is to suggest vice, animating the animal in man and degrading the respect he should have for the sex to which he owes his being; yes, his Savior also!"

Carry Nation had intended, upon this initial tour of the Wichita joints, merely to survey the situation and learn the location of the saloons, but when her eyes fell upon the voluptuous contours of Cleopatra as portrayed by John Noble, she could not withhold a remonstrance. She strode furiously to the bar and confronted the bartender, who was nervously polishing a glass and staring at her in amazement, for a woman in a joint was entirely outside

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his experience. Several men who had been drinking retreated to the farther end of the bar as she approached, and the bartender attempted to follow them, but she pointed a quivering finger at him and cried:

"Young man! What are you doing in this hell-hole?"

"I'm sorry, Madam," said the bartender, soothingly, "but we don't serve ladies."

"Serve me!" shrieked Carry Nation. "Do you think I'd drink the hellish poison you've got here? What is that naked woman doing up there?"

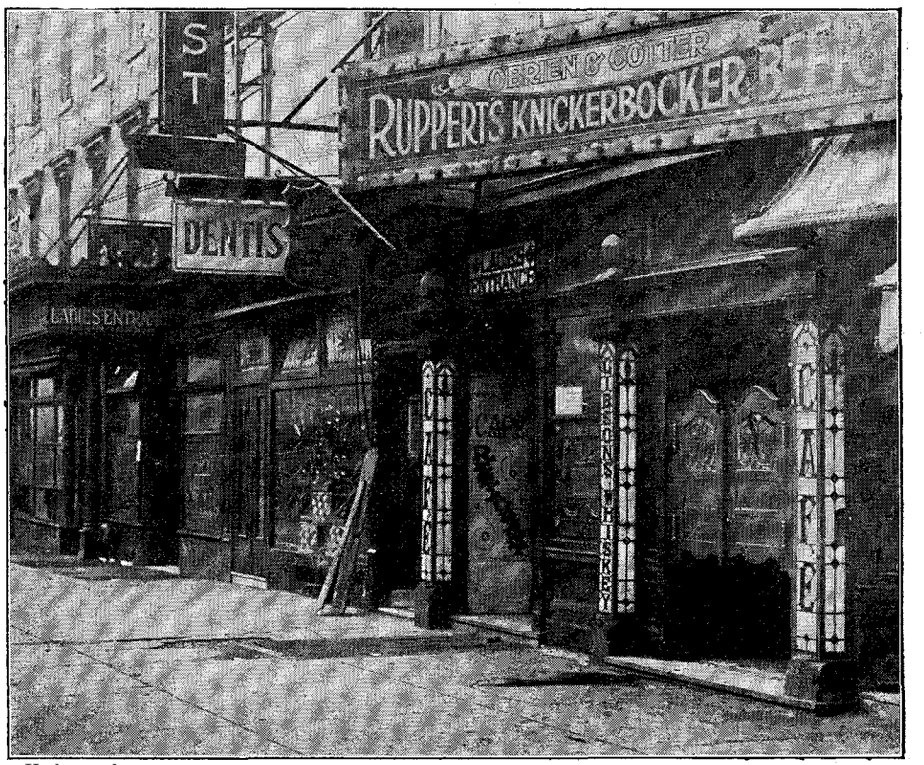
"That's only a picture, Madam."

"It's disgraceful!" cried Carry Nation. "You're insulting your mother by having her form stripped naked and hung up in a place where it is not even decent for a woman to be when she has her clothes on!"

The embarrassed bartender continued to polish the glass.

"You are a rummy and a lawbreaker!" she shouted. "You should be behind prison bars instead of a saloon bar. Take that filthy thing down and close this murder-mill!"

Carefully placing the glass upon a shelf behind the bar, the bartender shrugged his shoulders helplessly and walked to the rear of the room. After staring wrathfully at him for a moment, Carry Nation snatched a bottle from the bar, hurled it to the floor, and then turned and ran into the street. She was trembling with rage and a fierce determination that this "hell glittering with crystallized tears and fine fixtures" should be the first of the Wichita joints to feel the weight of her anger. When she left Medicine Lodge for Wichita, she took with her a cane and an iron rod. When she returned to her hotel she procured some heavy twine and bound the cane and the iron rod together, making a formidable weapon of considerable heft. She slept little that night, but for many hours she walked heavily about the room on her knees, invoking divine blessing upon her enterprise and shouting that all hell would roar with pain when she began to belabor Satan's earthly establishments. Next morning, with her rod and cane concealed beneath her cape, she went into an alley behind the hotel and picked up half a dozen large stones, which she wrapped in a newspaper. Carrying the bundle in the crook of her arm, she walked to the Hotel Carey and downstairs to the saloon, where she found the bartender, Edward Parker, serving



Underwood

A Familiar Street Scene in Mrs. Nation's Day

whisky to half a dozen men. They gaped at her as she strode purposefully into the room, but without saying a word she drew back her arm and in rapid succession hurled two stones, which splintered the glass that covered "Cleopatra at the Bath," and sorely lacerated the canvas. The drinkers winced as the crashing noise smote their jagged nerves, and Parker was so startled that he dropped a bottle of whisky from which he was drawing the cork. He cried out in protest, but before he could interfere, Carry Nation whirled and with a shout of triumph sent another stone hurtling against a mirror valued at $1,500 which almost covered a side wall. The glass tumbled in fragments to the floor, and she shrieked.

"Glory to God! Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Her remaining stone whizzed into an orderly array of bottles, decanters and glassware on the sideboard behind the bar, and then she drew the rod and cane from beneath her cloak and brandished it wildly about her head. The men who had been drinking promptly abandoned their glasses and scuttled through the rear doorway, while Parker crouched under the bar, from time to time emitting exclamations of resentment. But Carry Nation paid him no attention. Her rod and cane flashed up and down, and the bottles and glassware on the bar and sideboard went down before her avenging arm as tenpins fall before a bowling ball. She raced madly back and forth, flailing away at everything in sight, and once when Parker raised his head above the bar, she yelled furiously and flung a beer bottle at him, smashing it against the woodwork and deluging him with liquor before he could dodge. He quickly retired to his shelter. Half a dozen men, attracted by Carry Nation's shouts and the aromatic fumes that arose from the broken bottles, rushed down the stairs, but rushed back again when they saw the figure of the embattled crusader scurrying madly from one end of the room to the other, leaving desolation in her agitated wake.

Throughout the hotel were heard the patter of excited feet and hoarse shouts for the law, which presently appeared in the person of Detective Park Massey. Trailed by a score of curious guests and hotel employees, Detective Massey strode with proper solemnity into the saloon, where he found Carry Nation hammering with her iron rod and a great brass spittoon upon the cherry bar, which she had scratched and dented in a dozen places, while bits of broken glass clinked musically in the rivulets of beer and whisky that trickled over the floor. She made an ineffectual swipe at Massey's head when he clutched her arm firmly and said to her:

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"Madam, I must place you under arrest!"

"Arrest me!" cried Carry Nation. "Why don't you arrest the man that runs this hell-hole? Don't you know this is against the law? Can't you smell the rotten poison?"

But Detective Massey would not even sniff. Nor could Carry Nation induce him to admit that he was in a saloon. He apparently remained aloof from his surroundings.

"You are destroying property, Madam," he said. "I must arrest you."

He took the rod and cane, and the spittoon, from her hands, while Carry Nation faced the interested throng in the doorway and cried dramatically:

"They are going to put me in jail! But I'll make it hot for the other saloons when I get out! I came here to stop the joints and I am going to make trouble!"

While she sang at the top of her voice, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and a constantly increasing crowd pressed close behind them, Detective Massey escorted her to Police Headquarters, where the Chief of Police, G. T. Cubbon, appeared to be very much amused at what she had done. But he was surprised, nevertheless, to learn that a joint had been operating openly in Wichita. He spoke kindly to her and offered to release her immediately if she would board the next train to Medicine Lodge and never return to Wichita, but Carry Nation laughed scornfully and informed him that as soon as she was free, she would wreck every saloon in the city. So Chief Cubbon sighed and went forth to seek advice from other city and county officials and invoke their aid in ridding Wichita of its white elephant. But the perplexed servants of the people found themselves in a predicament exactly similar to that which had so distressed and embarrassed their official brethren in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, and for several hours they wrestled vainly with the problem of how to enforce the law against Carry Nation without at the same time enforcing the law against the saloons. The crusader had been locked in a room at Headquarters to await the result of these deliberations, and she improved the time by attempting to enlist the assistance of Governor William A. Stanley, who had maintained his home in Wichita and had arrived a few days before from Topeka, the state capital. She failed to reach him by telephone, so she sent him a note, in which she declared that she was unlawfully "restrained of my liberty, and that I wished him to call and see me, or try to relieve me in some way. The messenger told me, when he came back, that he had caught the Governor at his home, that he had read the message over three times, and then said, 'I have nothing to say.' This is the man who taught Sunday School in Wichita for twenty years, where they were letting these murder shops run in violation of the law. Strange that this man should pull wool over the eyes of the voters of Kansas. I never did have any confidence in him."

Soon after the Governor had declined to interfere, the County Attorney, Sam B. Amidon, decided to prosecute Carry Nation, and she was arraigned before Judge O. D. Kirk of the City Court on a charge of malicious destruction of property, the property being somewhat vaguely described as a certain part of the Hotel Carey. Carry Nation faced the honorable court defiantly, and when Judge Kirk asked if she was ready for trial she replied:

"I'll have nothing to do with this court until that man (pointing to Mr. Amidon) throws away that cigar! It's rotten, and the smell of it poisons me!"

The crowd which jammed the court room snickered audibly as Mr. Amidon flushed and dropped his cigar into a cuspidor. Carry Nation then asked the court to amend the charge to read "destruction of malicious property," and when the County Attorney objected, she declared that she would not be tried without the protection of counsel. With considerable relief, Judge Kirk set the trial for January 5, 1901, and remanded her to the Sedgwick County Jail, whither she was escorted by Sheriff Charles W. Simmons and a deputy. She was locked in the rotary, a steel cage composed of small, wedge-shaped cells which rotated within a cylinder. In court Carry Nation had been calm, but when the heavy steel doors clanged behind her she became hysterical, and began to weep and moan. As several keepers crowded about and stared curiously at her, she grasped the bars of her cell and tried to wrench them from the cement, crying loudly:

"You put me in here a cub, but I will go out a roaring lion, and I will make all hell howl!"

Long before this prophetic outburst, the details of Carry Nation's exploits were common knowledge throughout Wichita, and all over Kansas the telegraph wires hummed with the story of her arrest and imprisonment, for by invading one of the largest cities of the

Carry Nation Reading the Bible in Wichita Jail

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state and wrecking its finest joint, she had become a figure of great interest, and newspaper reporters swarmed gleefully about her. And the more zealous of the temperance and prohibition advocates, especially the women, were immediately seized with an excitement which spread with astounding rapidity, and soon grew into frenzy. The Wichita chapters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Kansas Temperance Union held special meetings of prayer and thanksgiving, and the former retained a lawyer to look after the crusader's interests. No action was taken or comment made by Mrs. Hutchinson, State President of the W.C.T.U., but Mrs. Lillian Mitchner, head of the Kansas Union, arrived from Topeka during the late afternoon, and at once led a large delegation of women to the county jail, where for several hours they sang and prayed in the corridors near Carry Nation's cell. Other groups called upon her, and throughout the evening the sombre building resounded to the hysterical singing of hymns and the voices of excited women quaveringly raised in prayer, while Carry Nation alternately shook the bars of her cell and walked about the floor on her knees, screaming in an ecstasy of religious emotion. And whenever a woman clasped her by the hands, she cried:

"Take your consecrated hatchets, rocks and brickbats, and everything that comes handy, and you can clean this curse out! Don't wait for the ballots! Smash! Smash!"

On the first morning after her arrest, Carry Nation received the first of the hundreds of congratulatory letters and telegrams which soon began to pour into her cell, for the reaction to her Wichita raid was much more favorable than that which had followed her activities in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge. Scores of women wrote frantically, "For God's sake come here!" and in many towns and cities throughout Kansas W.C.T.U. chapters and church congregations held prayer meetings and, after invoking divine aid for the crusader, took up special collections to help pay her expenses. One of them was the United Brethren Church in Winfield, Kansas, where a few weeks later serious rioting occurred between prohibitionists and saloon sympathizers. The pastor of the church sent a purse of $8.38, "and," wrote Carry Nation, "how I cried over that letter and kissed it!" She gloried in the warm tones of approval which she found in such communications, but she received even more pleasure from the many abusive letters, for they nourished her emotions of martyrdom and sacrifice. "I never knew until then," she wrote, "that people thought or could write such vile things; letter after letter, of the most horrible infidelity, cursing God, calling me every vile name, and threatening me. I must say, all hell got hit when I smashed the saloon."

From The Bon Vivant's Companion, pub. by Knopf

Scoundrels Plying an Innocent Maiden with Drink in 1870

When Carry Nation emerged triumphantly from the devastated barroom of the Hotel Carey, she left a prophetic warning writ large upon the wreckage of bottles and glassware. But the saloon keepers of Wichita failed to read it; the significance and potentialities of the raid escaped them, and they saw nothing in it but the amusing spectacle of a foolish old woman on a rampage with an iron rod. Had they possessed sufficient foresight to realize that they perched precariously upon the rim of a smoldering volcano, and had closed their joints and walked softly for a few weeks, Carry Nation would probably have been released and returned to Medicine Lodge, and they might have enjoyed several more years of profitable operation. But with the usual blindness and stupidity of the liquor dealer, who was never able to understand the tremendous power of the forces arrayed against him, they chose the path which inevitably led to the greater disaster. Scarcely had Carry Nation been locked up at Police Headquarters than the joint owners defiantly flung wide their doors, and the brothers Mahan employed additional bartenders to serve the hundreds who flocked to the wrecked saloon. While the crusader from Medicine Lodge languished in jail, and groups of excited women hurried through the streets to sing and pray with her, the saloons were jammed with drinkers, and a great crowd milled and pushed before the damaged bar of the Hotel Carey, drinking heavily and bargaining jovially for pieces of stucco and fragments of glass as souvenirs. And when nightfall came there were more drunken men abroad than Wichita had seen in many years, and until they toppled into the gutters, they laughed uproariously at the thought of a woman pitting her puny strength against such a mighty institution as the American saloon.

But the officials whom Carry Nation had placed in such an embarrassing position, as well as many citizens who sincerely opposed prohibition on grounds of principle and interference with personal liberties, discerned nothing humorous in the situation. They were well aware that for several years the anti-liquor movement had been growing in momentum, and that there was a rapidly increasing demand for law enforcement; and they realized that unless Carry Nation was carefully handled and promptly disposed of, she might easily become the symbol of a holy cause, and the firebrand which would set the whole state aflame with aggressive zeal. Intelligent anti-prohibitionists were seldom afraid of temperance organizations and reformers, so long as they confined their activities to verbal denunciations and prayers to Almighty God, but they recognized the danger of demonstrations which attracted undue attention to the saloon. And every movement made by Carry Nation was figuratively filled with

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dynamite. Moreover, so far as the welfare of the Kansas joints were concerned, she had chosen a very inopportune time to make her appearance in Wichita, for the legislature was to convene at Topeka within a few weeks, and the liquor interests had quietly planned the passage of a resolution re-submitting the prohibition amendment to the voters, and the enactment of several laws designed to lessen the burden of the saloon keeper.

DURING the first few days of Carry Nation's imprisonment, there was much talk in Wichita that she was displaying pronounced maniacal tendencies, and that before her trial could be held, it would be necessary to commit her to a madhouse. It is quite likely that a judicial inquiry would have found her insane, but if plans for such a procedure were ever made, they were soon abandoned, for within twenty-four hours the agitation against the saloon, and the feminine enthusiasm for Carry Nation had reached grave proportions; it was clear that any attempt to send her to an insane asylum, however justifiable, would result in serious trouble and bring distressing political consequences. So the bewildered and blundering officials gratefully accepted an opportunity which presented itself, and on December 29, 1900, soon after the arrest of an old man named Isaiah Cooper, the Wichita Board of Health ordered the county jail quarantined for twenty-one days, announcing that Cooper had been exposed to smallpox and could not be moved because he was violently insane. The Wichita *Eagle* remarked that "Wichita has discovered a new way of treating cranks, which beats going to court, and that is to quarantine them." Carry Nation's enemies hoped that by thus segregating her, they could keep her quiet and obviate the necessity of a trial until the excitement had subsided, but the quarantine proved a boomerang. It merely added fuel to the temperance fires, and Carry Nation's popularity was further increased, and her claims to martyrdom enhanced, when she complained that she was being subjected to a series of petty persecutions which she believed were intended to undermine her reason.

"The Health Board," she wrote, "belonged to the Republican whisky ring, and was in the conspiracy to make me insane. I was a lone woman in there, with two cigarette smokers and a maniac next to my cell. John the Trusty smoked a horrid strong pipe, and he was also next to my cell. Mr. Dick Dodds was the jailer, and he was the only one who came in my cell and I was not allowed to see any one in that time but Dr. W. A. Jordan, (the city and county physician) who called once. I cried and begged to be relieved from the smoke. . . . I would have to keep my windows up in the cold January weather, and the fire would go down at night. I had two blankets, no pillow, and a bed that the criminals had slept on for years, perhaps. I would shiver with cold, and often would lie on the cement floor with my head in my hands to keep out the draught. Oh! The physical agony! I had a strong voice for singing, which I lost, and have never been able to sing much since. Hour after hour I lay on the floor, listening to the ravings of this poor old man, who would fall on his iron bed and the hard floor, cursing and calling out names. I was not allowed a pillow. I begged for one, for I had *la grippe,* and my head was very sore; my body was filled with excruciating pains."

DAVID NATION, who had returned from his visit to eastern Kansas and had hurried to Wichita from Medicine Lodge, wrote a letter to the Topeka *Capital,* in which he also said that his wife was being ill-treated, and declared that the jailer and keepers were permitted to go in and out of the prison at will, despite the quarantine, while Carry Nation's relatives and friends, and even her lawyers, were excluded.

The announcement of the quarantine caused an uproar of indignation among Carry Nation's friends, who vehemently insisted that it had been imposed solely to harass her; and the Women's Christian Temperance Union employed a physician to examine Isaiah Cooper. The doctor reported that Cooper had none of the symptoms of smallpox, and that no evidence had been forthcoming to show that he had ever been exposed to the disease. On January 1, 1901, a bond of $300 for Carry Nation's release was filed in the City Court, but Judge Kirk said that he had no power to break the quarantine, and that the matter of Carry Nation's freedom was entirely in the hands of the Sheriff and the County Attorney. The W.C.T.U. thereupon employed W. S. Allen, Ray & Keith and Robert Brown, three of the most prominent law firms in Wichita, and in association with David Nation they applied for a writ of habeas corpus.

When Judge Kirk refused to issue the writ, holding that Carry Nation must remain in jail for the duration of the quarantine, her attorneys appealed to the Supreme Court of Kansas. And while the case was pending before the higher tribunal, the element which was so desperately determined to discredit Carry Nation, and to get rid of her in any way possible, made another asinine move, which also reacted favorably to her so far as public opinion was concerned. The jailer came to her cell late one night and asked her if she wanted to leave the prison, and when she said she did, he told her that within a few hours a cab would be waiting at the back door to take her to the home of a friend. But a few minutes later John the Trusty said to her:

"Don't you leave this jail. There is some plotting going on, and they mean mischief."

Argument on the application for a writ of habeas corpus was heard in Topeka on January 12, 1901, by the Supreme Court, which ordered the release of Carry Nation in $200 bail, and held that if she was tried in Wichita the county must produce proof of the existence of smallpox in the jail. On January 15, Carry Nation's lawyers served upon Judge Kirk and Sheriff Simmons a notice declaring that the certificate of quarantine, attached to the Sheriff's return in the matter of the habeas corpus was fraudulent; that no special meeting of the Board of Health had been held on December 29th; and that the jail had never been legally quarantined. A few hours later Carry Nation was released in the amount of bail fixed by the Supreme Court, and on January 18th the charge of malicious destruction of property was dismissed on motion of the County Attorney, who informed the Court that because of his great solicitude for the Crusader's mental welfare he could not conscientiously bring her to trial. Her mind, he believed, would be unable to withstand the shock of further confinement.

THE QUARANTINE appears to have been mutually forgotten. If Carry Nation's enemies had expected her imprisonment to have a salutary effect, they were greatly disappointed, for the discomforts which she had experienced in jail only increased her determination to destroy the saloon, and fostered her belief that "God intended to make me a sacrifice as He did

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John Brown." Moreover, and with ample cause; she now thirsted for vengeance; despite her professed Christianity, she was unaccustomed to turning the other cheek. When she again breathed the air of freedom, she announced, to the clamorous joy of the excited women who cheered as she stepped through the prison doorway, that she would resume her warfare against the Wichita barrooms as soon as she had horsewhipped Sheriff Simmons and County Attorney Amidon—feats which she frequently threatened but never performed. David Nation, who hovered nervously about while she wept, sang and embraced her friends, implored her to return with him to Medicine Lodge and remain there quietly until the authorities had abandoned any thought of prosecuting her. But she refused, crying loudly:

"God's work has only begun!"

The crowd set up a great peal of triumph, and Carry Nation shouted:

"Show me a joint!"

SEVERAL women with stones in their hands ran to her side and eagerly pressed the missiles upon her; and crying "Glory to God!" she started down the street, intent upon immediate action. But David Nation plodded patiently after her and clutched her arm, and after much argument persuaded her to go with him to Newton, in Harvey county, Kansas, for a brief rest. There she delivered a rousing temperance speech and visited friends for a few days, but hastened back to Wichita on January 21, 1901, a notable date in her career, for it marked her first use of the hatchet which was ever afterward closely identified with her activities. Within three hours after her return, she was lionized at a special meeting of the Wichita chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and scathingly attacked the joints, and the city and county officials who had failed to close them. She concluded her harangue with a stirring call for volunteers to accompany her on another smashing crusade, crying:

"Who will be a sacrifice unto the Lord?"

Despite the objections of the chapter's president, who disapproved of violent methods, almost every woman in the audience promptly jumped to her feet and excitedly offered her services.

"Praise God, women!" shouted Carry Nation. "We may all die for the cause!"

She chose as her assistants Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, Mrs. Lydia Muntz and Mrs. Julia Evans, whose husband was a prominent physician. After imploring the Lord to endow them with strength of giants they went to Mrs. Evans's home to procure suitable armaments from the family tool chest and scrap heap, and to arrange the details of the expedition. During the early afternoon they set forth, Carry Nation lugging a sharp-bladed hatchet and each of the others carrying iron bars, chunks of scrap iron, and stones wrapped in newspapers, all of which they concealed under long cloaks. Softly singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," they marched through the streets, but made no commotion and attracted scant attention until they reached James Burnes's saloon in Douglas Avenue, into which they turned. The few customers who had been lounging at the bar fled pell mell when the crusaders darkened the doorway, and the bartender approached them with his arms outspread in a placating gesture:

"Now, ladies," he began, soothingly, but Carry Nation interrupted him. Brandishing her weapon above her head, she cried:

"Don't come near my hatchet! It might fall on you, and I will not be responsible for the results!"

The bright blade described a slashing curve, and as it whizzed past his ear, the bartender yelled in fright and jumped back.

"Out of my way, you rummy!" shouted Carry Nation. "How dare you interfere with God's work?"

Once more the hatchet swished wildly through the air, and the bartender turned and ran to the rear of the room, where he hid behind a table and watched the smashers at work. And they performed their respective tasks with great precision, as though every move had been planned in advance. With a clear field of operation before them, they formed in single file just inside the doorway, and then, with their weapons held aloft, marched briskly back and forth across the saloon, shouting lustily:

Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?
They who dare not answer no;
They whose feet to sin incline,
While they tarry at the wine.

At the conclusion of the stirring song, Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. Muntz and Mrs. Evans aligned themselves in the center of the room, and Carry Nation faced them, her hatchet held before her in a manner similar to that of the military position of present arms. She prayed for a moment, and then whirled and cried:

"Smash, women! Smash!"

A hail of stones thudded against the bar and sideboard. Carry Nation's hatchet shattered the plate-glass windows and the long panel of the front door, and as they crashed to the floor, she hurried to the aid of her assistants, who were hammering and battering the bar and the cigar case. The latter was the especial concern of Mrs. Evans, who swung a piece of iron against it with such force that her hand plunged through the broken glass. Her wrist was severely cut, but the sight of blood and the realization that one of them had been injured in the battle only threw the smashers into an even greater frenzy; and with Carry Nation in the van they rushed furiously behind the bar and made havoc of the bottles, decanters and glassware. John Burnes returned to his barroom in time to see Carry Nation hurling stones, whisky bottles and pieces of scrap-iron at his valuable mirror, but he stood in the doorway and watched without interfering, while she cracked and broke the glass. Later he was asked:

"Why didn't you knock that woman down?"

"God forbid," said Mr. Burnes chivalrously, "that I should strike a woman!"

WITHIN fifteen minutes, the four women had wrecked the saloon with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a cyclone. Presently, when nothing remained to smash, they again stood in line in the center of the room, while little rills of whisky and beer seeped from the piles of wreckage and flowed gently over the broad toes of their shoes, mute but fragrant reminders of an unusually fine stock of liquors. And then Carry Nation faced her fellow smashers, slowly raised her right hand high above her head, and proclaimed:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Praise God!" cried her followers, quaveringly.

With Carry Nation brandishing her hatchet and the others clutching stones and chunks of iron which they had retrieved from the littered floor of the saloon, they dashed into the street, the former shouting to Mr. Burnes as she

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The Jew: A Problem for America

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

A generation ago, an American visiting Europe was surprised and shocked by the forcibly-expressed Anti-Semitism. Within twenty-five years, all this has changed; Americans are beginning to rival Europeans in their hatred of Jews. The causes for this are complex, and the explanation lies in the characteristics of the Jewish race, the astonishing driving power and intelligence of the Jew, and in his neglect of certain social graces. Whatever the outstanding reasons for the prejudice, and however justified, the American conscience must recoil from hatred of the Jew. Mr. Smertenko, an author and a lecturer, has made a special study of racial problems in America

IN 1905 an American woman from the Middle West, descended of English and Scotch-Irish colonists and related to one of our minor Presidents, came to Berlin to take her Doctor of Philosophy degree. By virtue of her academic writings and social connections, she found a cordial welcome in an intellectual group of the German *haut monde* and proceeded to have a most enjoyable time in this urbane, erudite and withal *gemütlich* society. One thing troubled her—not as a personal problem which she could feel but as an abstract question which she could not understand. Why did these kindly, intelligent people embitter their hours with passionate fulminations against the Jews? Insofar as she could see, their contacts with Jews were almost negligible and these not at all unpleasant, and yet in her upper-class *pension,* at the University, in private drawing-rooms and at public gatherings, they seemed to poison the very air they breathed with a virulent Jew-hatred.

One day, comparing the customs of Germany and the United States, she said: "And, of course, we know nothing about your anti-Semitism." *"Was,"* cried an apoplectic little man, *"sie hassen nicht die Juden in America? Unglaublich!"*

The American reflected for a moment. She thought of the Jewish contacts which she and her community experienced and the reactions she had observed: the meek, foreign old clo' man, whose quaintness stirred her childish curiosity, the pleasant itinerant peddler who was joyfully welcomed by the Michigan villagers, the respected and genuinely liked Main Street merchant of her college town; then there were the studious, questing pupils in her classes, the great specialist in Chicago whom her family friend and physician addressed with deference, and praised with an enthusiasm astounding in that crusty old tyrant, and others including scholars, musicians and even popular rabbis. All these she met within the periphery of her Gentile circle; all accepted as Americans; all on the best of terms with their non-Jewish colleagues and acquaintances. She thought of them when she answered: "Incredible? On the contrary, it is your hatred and prejudice which would seem incredible to my people."

She did not exaggerate. To Americans of that generation, the Jew was a sympathetic personality. An immigrant when immigrants were ardently desired, a sober, industrious and capable worker in a land where these virtues were glorified to the height of national characteristics, a victim of religious persecution in the eyes of a people whose founders were fugitives from similar persecution, the Jew fitted into the sentimental tradition which Americans treasured. If ever there were a test of the ideals implicit in the slogans, "land of opportunity," "all men are free and equal," "haven of the oppressed," etc., the Jew was that test, and Americans were full of good feeling toward the object which proved how fully they lived up to their ideals.

Quite characteristically, President Roosevelt boasted, not for himself but for the entire nation, when he wrote Oscar Straus inviting him to become a member of the Cabinet, "I have a very high esteem of your judgment and your ability, and I want you for personal reasons. There is still a further reason: I want to show Russia and some other countries what we think of Jews in this country." And the American people proudly applauded this boast.

Now this was no isolated sentimental gesture. It was wholly in accord with the American tradition. Moreover, the incident occurred but a brief quarter-century ago. What has happened in these twenty-five years to reproduce in the United States—though in a less virulent form, to be sure—that German anti-Semitism which seemed so incredible to the American woman? What circumstances and conditions have brought about this change of heart? Who is responsible? How much is the outbreak of anti-Jewish feeling in America merely a contagion of the post-War epidemic in Europe and how much engendered here? Are the Jews at fault or have Americans renounced their ideals? Is the present situation permanent or can we reasonably expect another shift in American sentiment? In what direction? Will this change come as a result of conscious effort on the part of the Jews? Or the non-Jews? Or is it inevitable in the course of our national development irrespective of what Jew and Gentile may do?

These questions barely indicate the social problem which is constantly growing more acute in the United States. The Jewish Problem! And yet not the Jewish problem in the sense that only the Jews need be concerned with its solution. For it involves America's most fundamental conceptions of the national character; it touches her basic democratic institutions; it challenges her highest ideals.

AT PRESENT there is much blind feeling on the question, but very little thought. Occasionally resentment becomes articulate in the statement, "There are too many Jews in America;" or ignorance in the slogan, "Race prejudice is un-American," or acceptance in the optimistic phrase, "Everything will be straightened out when the Jews are completely assimilated." But very few Americans, Jewish or Gentile, are really aware of the striking contrast between the conditions which prevail in the United States today and the ideal conception of American life, although the Jews are gradually beginning to react to these conditions without actually knowing what they are. It seems to me that, whatever he may think of the Jews, every honest American will consider this contrast undesirable. I present it here as clearly as I know how in the hope that he will choose to change the conditions. But even if he decides to revise his principles, I believe it preferable to have him consciously and consistently,

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rather than ignorantly and complacently, anti-Semitic.

The existing situation can be seen most clearly if we bear in mind a brief outline of its historical background:—

The four and a half million Jews of America came here in four successive waves of immigration, the first of which reached our shores about three hundred years ago. These early Jewish settlers of Colonial days were a superior lot. Though they came mainly from Holland and the West Indies, where their forefathers had sought refuge during the Inquisition, they were of the aristocratic stock that held its own with the grandees of Spain and Portugal. They were bankers, merchants, planters and ship-owners, willing to barter the wealth and culture acquired in the old world for freedom in the new. Naturally they took a place in the ranks of Colonial society far above the peasants, artisans and indentured servants, who formed the bulk of our first immigrants. Those of them who chose to intermingle with the Gentiles were readily accepted into their innermost circles; the rest, augmented by later arrivals, established respected and affluent communities in every metropolis of the Colonies. And when the Revolutionary War broke out, these as well as the more assimilated Jews proved themselves thoroughly American in spirit and deed; and their service to the cause was recognized when the young Republic admitted them to full and equal citizenship and inspired the individual States to remove existing restrictions and discriminations.

The second wave of Jewish immigration came with the German flood in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. These German-Jews received an astonishing welcome. While Irish Catholics and, to a certain extent, the German foreigners, were being attacked by the Know Nothing Party, the Jewish immigrants found that the good-will and acceptance won by the Colonial Jews had been extended to include them. Their appreciation of this welcome took the form of a phenomenally rapid adjustment to American life. Glad to break with a painful past and grateful for the equality offered them by their adopted land, they tendered their political allegiance to America far more quickly than the English and the Germans, who usually treasure their native loyalties, or the Italians and the French, who seldom abandon the hope of returning to their own countries.

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They learned the language more readily and spoke it more fluently than the other immigrants from alien lands. They discarded their traditional social customs and abandoned their cultural heritage as out of tune with the young materialistic civilization of which they so ardently desired to be a part. They even made such changes in their religion as would sanction and sanctify the new mode of life.

Yet, despite all this rapid adjustment, there was one striking difference between the American acceptance of the first Jewish settlers and of these. For the native-born no longer readily intermarried with the foreigner of whatever race or creed, and the Jew, however American he may have felt, nevertheless bore distinctive foreign markings. The process of Americanization, therefore, remained merely adjustment; it did not achieve assimilation. While here and there a Belmont, a Pulitzer and a Kahn —or their small town equivalents— merged into what might be called the aristocracy of an essentially democratic people; while a minute portion of the Jewish group sank into the nondescript slough of the lower classes of society, the interpenetration of the Jews as a whole into the American community as a whole—that final and most important step in the process of assimilation—remained negligible both in actual numbers and in proportion to that of the other immigrants. The element of segregation entered into Jewish-American life.

Segregation became far more marked with the coming of the hordes of Russian Jews in the eighties of the last century. For these Jews were not merely foreign to America, they were in numerous ways alien to western civilization. Life in the Russian pale, with its poverty and terror, with its political and religious medievalism, had made of these people a type different from the normal. However kindly and sympathetic the American may have felt toward them, he could not help being conscious of their difference, he could not keep that consciousness from influencing his later opinions and behaviour. Sympathy grew as the facts of Russian oppression and persecution became widespread. Finally, when news of the massacres of 1903-04 reached the United States, the American people declared their objection and abhorrence in no uncertain terms and made equally plain their desire to offer Israel a refuge from this misery. The fourth and greatest wave of immigration came in response to this magnificent humanitarian attitude. The generous welcome given these unfortunates is a

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matter of record. They were made to feel at home. They were told that America was theirs even as they would henceforth be America's. And when Zangwill summed up this sentimental philosophy in a play and a phrase, "The Melting Pot," Americans, led by President Roosevelt, happily cheered it as the slogan and the label of their land.

Such, then, is the historical background for present-day American-Jewish relationship. If only sincere goodwill and sentimental opinions could hold their own against the necessities and irritations of life, this summary might take that charming fairy-tale ending—and they lived happily ever after. But, alas, in the long run, facts are stronger than catch-words and needs are more moving than enthusiasms.

One of the most obvious and most important of these facts is that Americans never did more than pay loud lip-service to the ideal of the Melting Pot. To translate their true attitude in terms of this metaphor, one can only say that they expected the Jew or Irishman, the German, Slav or Italian to leap into a crucible, which they indifferently heated with occasional Americanization tracts and night-school interpretations of the Constitution, where through some mysterious alchemy he would be transmuted into that Anglo-Scotch-Dutch-Huguenot hybrid who is the hypothetical hundred-per-cent American. They did no more to wipe out the salient differences of religion and tradition than to damn them in Samuel Johnson's pontifical phrase, "In everything, in which they differ from us, they are wrong;" nor did they consciously encourage that intermingling which is the only solvent to the elemental characteristics of race. Moreover, when the sentimental haze lifted and the failure which was inevitable without the Americans' complete and whole-hearted co-operation in the process of assimilation became clearly apparent, they naïvely blamed the immigrant.

To be sure, the reaction against the immigrant was not really due to deep and sincere indignation at the collapse of the Melting Pot ideal. It had more profound economic causes. Vast and prosperous America was beginning to feel its limits. The land was settled from coast to coast and its riches appropriated. The less able native sons could no longer escape the handicaps of their incompetence by moving several hundred miles westward. They became conscious of the immigrant as something other than a performer of menial and undesirable tasks; they found in him a competitor and occasionally a superior. The ensuing resentment was natural and it was just as natural that the American should attack the immigrant at his most vulnerable spot, his foreignness, without stopping to determine who was responsible for that foreignness.

Now the fourth wave of Jewish immigration formed the largest single group of newcomers in the pre-War decade and, therefore, by their very numbers as well as by their foreignness the Jews impressed Americans as the symbol of the now-undesired alien—to such an extent, indeed, that Jew and foreigner are synonymous to the masses and even the most discriminating Americans invariably merge the native Jews of the third and fourth generation in the recent immigrants, rather than vice versa, whenever they think in group terms.

To focus the general American prejudice against the foreigner on the Jews was therefore a simple psychological step, rendered even more easy by the rôle they have played since the beginning of Christian supremacy in western civilization. For the basis of Jewish tragedy lies in the fact that they have served as the scapegoat for Christian society whenever political and economic conditions created a large dissatisfied class. In fact, there are those who logically uphold the theory that anti-Semitism is merely a Christian group neurosis, that—to paraphrase Voltaire—if there were no Jews, it would be necessary to invent them, in order to have an outlet for the expression of these hatreds, irritations, and prejudices which our competitive civilization provokes. Certainly in the United States the initial impetus to the unthinking mass-feeling against the Jews was closely related with a wide-spread desire to vent an impotent rage against "bad times."

But the primary causes of Jew-hatred in America have been created by the Jew. He has earned dislike and antagonism no less by his virtues than by his vices, no less by the position forced upon him in a Gentile environment than by racial characteristics. He has been an irritant economically, socially, and mentally, to an extent that America has experienced with no other immigrant. Desperately poor and accustomed to the terrible privations of the over-populated Ghettoes of eastern Europe, the later Jewish arrivals little cared how much they were exploited so long as they were given an opportunity to establish themselves in the land of refuge and freedom. They seized any means of livelihood on any terms and set to their tasks with the energy of a spring suddenly released from tremendous pressure and with faculties sharpened by cruel competition. Moreover, they brought with them that consciousness of persecution which has for centuries driven Jews to great achievements. Persecution had impressed upon them the feeling, amounting almost to an instinct, that they were not equal to the non-Jew unless they were actually his superiors. Whether schoolboys or professors, bricklayers or jockeys, soldiers or medical internes, they had been the butt of ridicule, petty malice, and serious discrimination until they rose sufficiently above their fellows to command the respect and tolerance which they should have had as equally human beings. The American, though more active and aggressive than most people, could not in his security and comfort even appreciate—much less feel—that urge compounded of physical necessity and psychic frenzy which drove the Jews on the pathway of success. He quickened the tempo of his economic life to meet the competition, but he disliked the additional effort and he hated the Jews for increasing the pace.

Similarly Americans resented social intrusion on the part of the Jews. Sensitive to the point of an inferiority complex about their own social position, since with few exceptions they were of lower middle-class origin, they were extremely perturbed by the problem which the Jew presented. It was not simply the usual trouble which the grandchildren of butcher, baker and candle-stick maker have in defending their new patents of nobility from the parvenus of their own generation; there was also the difficulty of an anomalous situation. For the Jews rose unnaturally into the class of the socially eligible as measured by standards of wealth, occupation, and education. Within one generation, the inconsequential peddler, tailor, junkman, factory-hand, had miraculously taken his place among the leading merchants, lawyers, physicians and manufacturers of the community. But though these transformed Jews or their children had acquired by indefatigable

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toil and extraordinary sacrifices the knowledge and means to admit them into the highest ranks of our commercial and professional life, they gave neither time nor attention to the acquisition of social graces. They retained the manners, conceptions, and reactions which characterize the lower classes the world over. They were vulgar, selfish, and pushing. They were so crude they simply did not realize that their frank materialism and their plebeian lack of reserve were far more offensive than the alien mannerisms of which they were so ashamed. They were objectionable to any civilized and cultured society.

The difference between these Jewish parvenus and the other immigrants who also sought admission to the ranks of America's aristocracy, was so marked and so constant that Americans decided it must be something in the blood, something racial. As a matter of fact, it was due merely to the difference in speed with which the Jews emerged from the lower depths. The children of the Scandinavian peasant, the English tradesman, or the Irish navvy climbed more slowly up the rungs of the social ladder and acquired the polish that usage puts on thing and man as they went. The Jews leaped the entire distance and arrived full of rough edges irritating at every touch.

THE IRONY of this situation lies in that, unlike the immigrants from Ireland, Scandinavia, Italy and England, the Jews who sought to escape persecution and political disabilities in Eastern Europe were not of one class. Men of learning, position, and genteel birth were forced to sacrifice their all and join the masses that were fleeing from pogroms. But the cultured upper classes of Jewry lacked the elements of aggressiveness, grossness, and unscrupulousness which primitive America demanded as the basis of success. They failed to acquire wealth. They were contemptuously disregarded by the newly-rich Jews. And, what is more important in this connection, they therefore made no impression whatsoever on Gentile society. It is not too much to say that Americans were unconscious of their presence. Thus the snobbery which characterized all class alignments and which Americans had exhibited to the German, Irish, etc., social climbers took the form of ostracism in the case of the Jews. They were condemned en masse as socially impossible and undesirable.

To the economic and social grounds for antagonism must be added the mental antagonism which is a deeper even as it is a less obvious source of irritation. "In this confusing country of ours," wrote Dr. Henry S. Canby in a striking essay on the American Mind, "immigrant-settled, polylingual, built upon fragments of the empires of England and Spain and France, there is indubitably a mental type which we may call with some confidence American, a mind liberal in its principles, but in its instincts conservative." Now the Jewish mind is the very opposite of this.

The American's mind is the product of freedom in thought, of security and contentment in living; the Jew's mind is the outgrowth of a persecuted faith and a unsatisfactory existence. Centuries of martyrdom for a dissident religious opinion are behind the tenacious, fanatical manner with which the Jew clings to principles, however unpopular; yet these centuries of misery have also bred in him a suspicion and skepticism of laws, conventions, government and society, all instruments of the prejudice and persecution which he suffered. The American accepts all that is not proved definitely harmful. The Jew challenges everything that is not as definitely beneficial. The American's satisfaction with this world has made him intolerant of adverse criticism; the Jew's maladjustment has made him neurotically critical. The American has given his best energies to considering the practical problems of life; he is uncomfortable and impatient with abstract thought. The Jew has found solace and pleasure in Talmudic study, in dialectic discussion; he glories in theories, social, political, aesthetic, and scientific. Even the reformist zeal which both have absorbed from the Bible finds different expression. The American seeks to alter our modes of life in accordance with the accepted dogmas of righteousness; the Jew quixotically strives to change our conceptions of right and wrong. Thus, while the American's intentions may be equally annoying, they seem justifiable; the Jew's are not only exasperating, they seem impudent and irreverent.

IT IS NOT necessary to labor the point. To the average American the average Jew is a disagreeable and irritating fellow, objectionable as a competitor or a colleague or a neighbor. I do not intend to soften the harshness of this conclusion by sentimental overtones. I purposely refrain from trying to vindicate him either relatively by comparison with other immigrant nationalities, or absolutely by drawing a balance-sheet of vices and virtues. Nor do I think it necessary to point out how easily remediable in a healthy environment are his objectionable qualities or to prove how much of spiritual stimulus and cultural consciousness has been given America—along with more concrete contributions—by these very qualities. Such apologetics, futile as a defense against prejudice and contemptible as propaganda, are beside the point.

THE CHALLENGE of the Jews to America lies precisely in their vexatious character. The United States is, after all, neither medieval Spain nor mad Rumania nor sadistic Poland. If it were clearly shown that Jewish virtues and contributions outweighed their vices and deprivations, America would rationally conclude to accept the Jews; it is the widespread belief, whether justified or unjustified, that the balance swings the other way, which constitutes the challenge. For the United States is also unlike the countries of Europe in that it holds certain principles and has assumed certain obligations toward its citizenry of whatever race or creed. Poland, Hungary and Rumania, for instance, feel free to persecute and exterminate the Jew on the sheer grounds that they dislike him. They have made no pretensions to hospitality, justice, or indeed human decency, though they have been forced to make certain international pledges of good behaviour. But America cannot feel that way without violating more than "scraps of paper," without denying her ideals, without destroying her opinion of herself. As Woodrow Wilson put it, she has indicated her desire "to be made up of all the stocks and influenced by all the thoughts of the wide world. She has seemed to realize that she could be fertile only if every great impulse were planted among her. And so she has set for herself in this unfinished process of uniting and amalgamating these things, the problem of making disparate things live together in peace and accomodation and harmony." She has conceived it her mission to fashion through "the greatest formative power in the history of the world" a breed of men that is a refinement on all the races which have gone into her upbuilding.

Americans do not seem to realize the

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Fashion, Beauty and Brains

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

The modern woman is confident that modern clothes are beautiful, sensible and comfortable. So they are, in contrast to those of other days. But fashion still rules; the modern woman obeys almost as meekly as her Victorian sister, and certain of the current styles are merely idiotic. Mrs. Gilman's most recent book is "His Religion and Hers"

AMONG the flying changes of this proud present time one marked phenomenon in human behavior remains unaltered, our docile subservience to fashion.

Religion may be forgotten, law is openly flouted, parental authority has become a butt for ridicule, while social traditions such as decorum and gentle breeding are sneeringly discarded, but "the dictates of fashion" are still meekly obeyed. Of "tabus" none remain to us save such as prohibit cotton hose, or skirts below the knee; of commandments none save those from Paris.

Why do the daring and progressive, the repudiators of the past, the sneerers at their ancestors' acceptance of the fashions of their time, as submissively accept the fashions of the present time?

The first eager reply will be that ours are superior, ours are hygienic, comfortable, beautiful and free. But are they? All of them? And if some visibly are none of these, do we discriminate and choose among them? Or do we, as always, accept them wholesale?

There is something temerarious in criticism of current styles; once past, we condemn them all. Within the very recent years known as "this generation" we have assumed—and left behind—"the debutante slouch," which was neither hygienic, comfortable, beautiful nor free. Following that, women adopted a custom which might have shocked a Flat-head Indian, the "Boyshform brassiere," binding flat the essential distinction of order mammalia, the adult female seeking to imitate the appearance of the immature male.

A ukase was issued "Thou shalt be thin!" and our new young women, our daring independent young women, bowed as meekly as their mothers. It was harder on their mothers, of course, but nowhere rose the voice of courage and common sense to ask "Who says so?" With labored exercise, with painful self-denial, young and old strove mightily to obey.

To obey whom? "The dictates of fashion" do not emanate from a god, as was believed of the voice of Memnon. There is a priest behind the god, today as then. A small group of human beings has the impudence to tell the other human beings what they shall wear and even how they must shape their bodies.

That there should be "con-men" preying upon "suckers" with every circus is common enough, but not all the crowd are suckers. Why are we all such "easy marks" in the matter of fashion? The important feature of the case is not in the offering but in the acceptance. More than one factor is involved in this acceptance. There is the instinct of imitation, sequacity, best shown in sheep, which urges us to do as the others do, and which tends to uniformity. There is the contradictory desire for change, which relieves uniformity by substituting another uniformity. There is the desire to resemble one's superior in class or wealth, a sort of protective mimicry. There is the struggling sense of beauty, stunted as it is, always hoping to look lovelier in something else. And, negatively, there is the lack of knowledge, lack of judgment, lack of courage.

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Perhaps You Remember When They Got Themselves Up Like This

Beauty discarnate, beauty as an abstraction, may be discussed interminably with no agreed conclusion, but applied beauty is definitely recognizable, being measured by its use. The beauty of a leg, for instance, depends on whose leg it is; as that of a baby, a chorus girl or a traffic cop. The beauty of a garment may be considered in itself as of fabric, color, design and decoration; but when applied to the human body its beauty has to be judged relatively to the shape, size and action of that body, to its ease, comfort and health; to its occupation, to temperature and similar considerations.

Surveying the stream of fashions which has for so long flowed over our unresisting forms, it is easy to pick out certain periods in this or that culture, and certain elements in this or that period, which are admittedly beautiful, so admitted by the best aesthetic judges we have, and also by persons of ordinary discrimination.

But when we wonder how it is that we have been able to create beauty and enjoy it, yet unable to hold it, unable to rise in increasing beauty as we have in increasing wealth and knowledge, the answer is to be found in fashion.

If a fashion is fixed and settled as has been so largely the case in China, we see a national and becoming costume so long accepted as to dull perception of other possible beauty. Next door to it we see another fixed national costume, the irrational, unbeautiful kimono, with hobbled gait and hunched bow.

Usage accustoms the eye to what it has accepted, until it is robbed of freedom of judgment. In our own recent styles may be seen many instances of what was at first warmly disliked, harshly criticised, yet its continuance wore out objection.

With but three words changed we may quote:

Style is a monster of such hideous mein
As to be hated needs but to be seen.
But seen too oft, familiar with the face,
We first dislike, then suffer, then embrace.

The effect of uniformity is clear; what effect, then, has the swift current

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of change? If the change were a matter of choice, based upon honest offering of improvements, it would be all to the good, but where it is by arbitrary command and is equally uniform, every one dragging long skirts or lifting short ones in unison, and lowering their waistlines from the "Empire" girdle just below the breast to the broad flat horizontal bandage with which women have for some years been emphasizing their gluteal expansion, it still further blurs the sense of beauty.

The permanent racial costume leads to a narrow sense of what is beautiful, the whirligig variation leads to no sense at all. Incessant change, swift and violent contradiction, all accepted in dumb submission, not only leaves us blind to beauty, but has a further evil effect upon the mind.

The major puzzle in a study of our present-day humanity, is how it is that people who know so much can know so little; how the well-educated modern mind can so fail to function. It would appear that our conduct is but little affected by knowledge, by judgment, that we do not choose and govern our own behavior.

But if we do not, who does? Or what does?

There are evidently many influences at work on human conduct, modifying it this way and that, in spite of our own convictions. Among them we waver along, with our little out-board engine of conscious choice and decision, and the "superior person" is one whose mind is strong enough to govern his own conduct, steering among and sometimes against the various tendencies and conditions.

This ability is sadly rare. Most of us still exhibit only sequacity, following old leaders in established lines or stampeded by new ones, after whom we trot with equal docility. The unthinking faith which marks the buttonless Amish, the dancing dervish, is equally manifested by those who swim from one to another of the countless cults of California today.

To swallow and follow, whether old doctrine or new propaganda, is a weakness still dominating the human mind. Inertia, be it remembered, is not merely keeping still. Its law is that a body in motion keeps on until something stops it, as well as that a motionless body is motionless until something starts it.

Observe the acceptance of the automobile. For years the inventors and promotors strove to start the motionless public mind, meeting only passive inertia. At last the driving force stirred the mass and we now see the active inertia of the same mind, shown in our rushing about in every direction like agitated ants. It will so rush until some other force stops or diverts it, into the air perhaps. To have a car merely because other people have a car, to go and go, with no destination or errand, buzzing swiftly in crowds like a swarm of gnats, this again is mere sequacity.

One of the fashions of the period is to heap utter scorn on the years behind it, and to boast of every present advantage as if the happy possessors had daringly invented it. The "Rainy Daisies" of some thirty years ago showed far more sense and courage with their skirts to the ankle, than do our facile imitators with skirts to the knee, for those earlier innovators decided with their own minds, against the whole force of prevailing fashion, that it was foolish to wear dragging skirts in the rain, and then wore what they had decided upon, regardless of what other people wore. Intelligence, courage and strength is required by such conduct, and, what is further important, are developed by it.

We have today much that is wise and lovely in women's dress, but also much that is ugly and ridiculous. Observe at some distance a woman in a winter coat. A smothered nubbin of tight hat buried in a huge collar, at one end; too long silk-stockinged legs at the other; between, the outline of an upright potato. This coat, as straight as a trousers leg and not much wider, supposed to be a defence against the weather, is made without buttons, hooks or any means of fastening. For pure unreason, this deserves a prize. Fancy a man pushing along against a biting wind, with one chilly hand pressed against his abdomen to hold his coat.

This is a minor matter, an easy test of our new freedom. When such absurdity was first presented to us it

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Lady Whose Costume Includes a Dead Fox

IN 1887

They All Wanted to Look Like This

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The Trend of Events

Patrioteering

WITH A rat-tat-tat and a toodley-oodle-oo, the professional patriots again parade across the national scene. In their ears the decision of the Supreme Court denying citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer—because she would not promise to take up arms in case of war—was a bugle call to action.

Unrolling a petition across the executive desk, the Woman Patriot Publishing Company expounds to President Hoover its opinion why Mrs. Schwimmer should not be permitted to return from "international pacifist meetings" in Europe. It finds that the permit issued her as a non-quota immigrant for a temporary visit abroad is not a clear title to readmission. Mrs. Schwimmer, it seems, is a dangerous person whose return would jeopardize the principle of conscription and prejudice the just enforcement of the immigration laws.

H. Ralph Burton, counsel for the D. A. R. and sundry other patriotic organizations, is similarly excited over the issuance of a passport to Miss Dorothy Detzer, who was granted permission to take a modified oath of allegiance. Despite the assurance of the State Department that no specific law required the oath from applicants for passports, and that such an oath as Miss Detzer took has been given frequently, Mr. Burton believes that the omission of a promise to defend the United States with arms violates not only the law but the spirit of sound patriotism. He dwells on Miss Detzer's sympathy with liberal international movements, particularly on her participation, as executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, in a discussion of "The Renunciation of War—What Next?"

Apparently, some of the worst effects of the Supreme Court's decision in the Schwimmer case are just coming to light. Encouraged by the testimonial given to their brand of patriotism in the blindfold test of justice, our super-patriots renew their conviction that this is the only sound brand and that those who prefer others are fair game.

Proclamation

DESPITE THE MISPLACED microphones which deprived radio listeners of Mr. Hoover's address, the proclamation of the Kellogg war-renouncing treaty was effectively staged.

First came the prologue, prepared for behind the scenes. Some days before the proclamation ceremony in the East Room of the White House, Premier MacDonald sent to Washington a speech he planned to make in the House of Commons. He intended to say, it seemed, that the Kellogg treaty had increased national security, that British-

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NO WARRIOR

Miss Dorothy Detzer gets passport without promising to defend nation with arms

American disarmament negotiations, based on the principle of parity, were progressing, that he might visit Mr. Hoover at the White House in October, and that Great Britain meanwhile would suspend work on two cruisers, two submarines, and a submarine depot ship, besides slowing down other construction.

With this in his pocket, President Hoover walked on the stage and announced that we have the largest military budget in the world, that we trust the disarmament negotiations to reduce expenditures for the navy, and that a commission should be appointed to devise ways of reducing those for the army.

Next day, July 24, the show opened in earnest. Before the representatives of forty-three nations, as well as Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Kellogg, assorted photographers, reporters, and the worried radio men, the Kellogg pact was duly proclaimed by the President, who congratulated his audience, the nations represented, "and indeed the entire world," on the fact that the treaty had come into force. He predicted that its influence would be felt in a large proportion of all future international acts. Later M. Briand crowned the eulogies with the cabled opinion that the treaty is "the most important contribution thus far made to the cause of peace."

On the day of the ceremony Premier MacDonald made his prearranged speech, suspending British naval construction. Prepared for this, President Hoover matched it by stopping work on three of the cruisers scheduled to be started during the present fiscal year. Though no subject has been more exhaustively debated, British move and American counter-move represent the first definite step toward naval disarmament since the Washington Conference of 1921.

If Great Britain and the United States are genuinely eager for disarmament, it is obviously sensible for them, not only to talk of equalizing and reducing their navies by and by, but to stop building now. At last, the long-extended disarmament negotiations are beginning to bear some fruit. Hopes for a far-reaching disarmament conference are chirking up again.

Realism on Armaments

THE FAINT NOTE of candid realism recently to be detected in this Government's statements on disarmament is both novel and pleasant. Repeatedly assured during the Coolidge Administration that the American naval building program was not competitive, but designed solely to meet our absolute needs, many newspaper editors accepted this view and solemnly repeated it. Blushes must have dyed their cheeks when, three months ago, they read the frank statement by Hugh S. Gibson, American delegate on the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission, that naval needs are relative and that what we require for our defense depends chiefly on the navies maintained by others.

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Realism rang out again when Ambassador Dawes, addressing the Pilgrims' Society in London, recognized that agreement could not be expected from a disarmament conference dominated by naval experts. It rang a third time in President Hoover's revelation that our expenditures for military purposes are larger than those of any other nation and are rapidly increasing.

Eventually, we may reach the point where, discussing naval parity, Washington will be ready to admit that we are not as far behind Great Britain as many suppose; that, although she can give us cards in cruisers and aircraft carriers, we can give her spades in destroyers and submarines.

▸▸*Witches Still Ride*

IT WAS IN the reign of the good Queen Bess that English sailors, caught in a tempest between England and Holland, distinctly saw a witch perched on the masthead, a questionable place for a lady in a tempest. It was only a few days ago, in Kalamazoo, Michigan, a thriving city where newspapers circulate, the postman calls, and radio sets abound, that Mrs. Etta Fairchild was murdered "because she had the 'evil eye'." In some respects, time does not fly as one wishes it might.

Probably the plea of Eugene Burgess—who with his wife and son is charged with the murder—that Mrs. Fairchild had bewitched his family would not impress a Michigan jury; counsel for the defense is likely to rely on a plea of another kind. The "evil eye" has not the potency in Kalamazoo that it has, for instance, among the Mennonites of Pennsylvania, who brought from the mother country belief in everything the Bible says about witches.

The group of half-grown boys who were tried for the "hex" murder in York, Pennsylvania, a few months ago, came honestly by their spooky beliefs; their ancestors for generations would have backed them up. Burgess is a name associated with the settlement and growth of New England, where, though witches were put to death, they were killed by due process of law, and, indeed, often smoothed the course of justice by pleading guilty and telling at length of their secret traffic with Satan.

No witches are executed in New England nowadays. Yet less than a hundred years ago, in northeastern Connecticut, relatives of a young woman who died of tuberculosis had recourse to an old-time English charm by disinterring the body and removing the heart when sisters of the girl were attacked by the malady. Even now, in towns along the New England shore, there are families who believe that in a case of fatal illness the soul will go out with the ebb tide, and who never question the rule that neat cattle and swine should be slaughtered while the moon waxes, never while it wanes.

▸▸*International Debts*

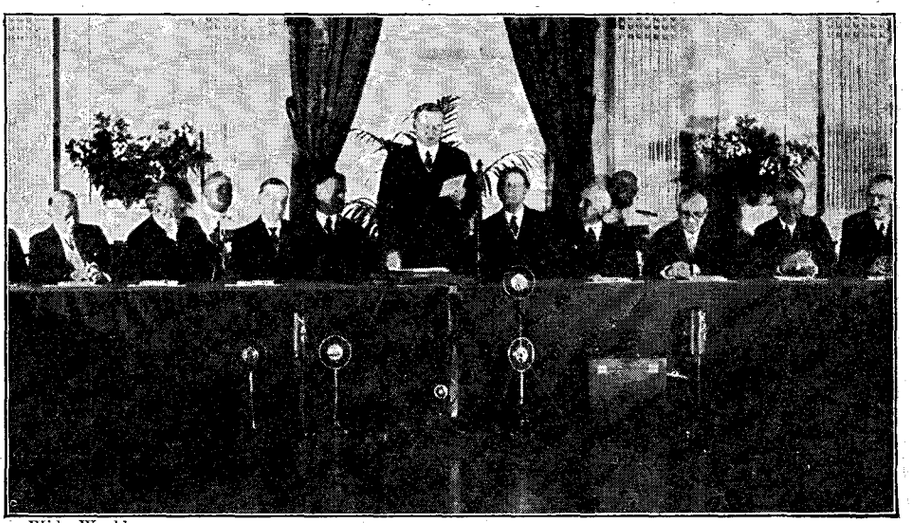
LOOK AT IT from one point of view and France, having ratified the Mellon-Bérenger debt settlement, agrees to repay every cent she borrowed from the United States, or about $4,000,000,000, plus interest at 1.64 per cent over 62 years — a total of $6,800,000,000. Therefore, Uncle Sam has driven as hard a bargain as French capacity to pay would permit. Look at it with Mr. Hoover from another point of view, that of present value, and the payments France agrees to make are now worth only about $1,700,000,000. This figure represents none of the sums we lent to France during the War, but only those lent after it was over. Therefore, Uncle Sam is seen to be a great philanthropist.

The important thing, however, is that Congress in all likelihood will soon follow the lead of the French Parliament and give the settlement its approval. When the agreement has been accepted by both countries an answer will be found to one of the most puzzling of the problems created during the war.

With the American debt out of the way, France prepares to attend the international conference called to weigh the merits of the Young plan, now scheduled to be held at The Hague some time this month. When the French delegates pack up their bags they will include no instructions from Poincaré. Because of ill health—and perhaps because he expected his Government to be overthrown anyway—the Premier resigned as soon as the fight for the Mellon-Bérenger settlement was over. Thereupon, Briand, Foreign Minister in the Poincaré Government, was summoned to form a new Ministry, as he has done eleven times before.

There are signs that The Hague will note lively disagreements during the reparations conference. Germany will attend determined to accept the Young plan only if France agrees to evacuate the Rhineland and perhaps the Saar Basin also. France may try to hang on to the Saar coal mines and to control the Rhineland, if not with troops, then with a civilian commission. Great Britain, according to Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden, feels that, while the scale of annuities is satisfactory, she can accept the proposals for delivery in kind only if compelled to.

The Young plan, of course, is merely a recommendation for a settlement, which the interested nations may accept or reject in whole or in part. Despite objections to various features, however, it is still expected that, when the conference is over, and when a reparations plan has been ratified by the Governments concerned, it will be essentially similar to the document recently devised in Paris.



Wide World

NOW, THEREFORE,

Be it known that he, Herbert Hoover, has caused the Kellogg Treaty to be made public

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Ambassadorial Politics

SENATOR WALTER E. EDGE is said to be slated for appointment as Ambassador to France. It is a position of large responsibility in view of the current disarmament negotiations, the recent controversies regarding payment of the French debt, and the status of the Young plan.

Mr. Edge, however, will not assume his post until October, or perhaps later. Therein lies a story of practical politics. The New Jersey Senator is one of the sub-committee chairmen of the Senate Finance Committee, which is revising the tariff. Apparently it is felt that Paris can get along without an American Ambassador more easily than the Senate Finance Committee without this influential high protectionist.

If the Administration really wants the House rates lowered, it might be wise to appoint Edge immediately. His successor might hold tariff views more in accord with those generally attributed to the President. But then, again, he might not.

Should Edge resign before October 5, his successor would have to be chosen at a special election. He might be a Democrat with little sympathy for the "reasonably" high tariff rates the President has asked for. In any event, he would be anti-Administration on almost every other issue. But if Edge holds on until October 5, or within a month of the regular Election Day, his successor, under New Jersey law, will be named by the Republican Governor. He will be a Republican, and perhaps a Hoover Republican.

The President, it appears, prefers to retain a Republican whose views he knows rather than to risk getting a Democrat, especially in view of recent Republican reverses and losses in bye-elections, together with prohibition developments that might enhance a wet Democrat's chances of election in New Jersey.

Prisoner No Longer

CARRIED BY scarlet-clad bearers, high above the bowed heads of a worshipful multitude, the "prisoner of the Vatican" has emerged to take possession, symbolically, of the territory ceded him by the Lateran treaties.

They order these things well in Rome. The spectacle of the Pope, surrounded by his glittering, multicolored court, clad in richly ornamented robes and bearing a jeweled ostensorium containing the Sacred Host, appeared before St. Peter's just as the sun sank splendidly behind Michaelangelo's great dome. The procession made a complete circuit of St. Peter's Square, under Bernini's storied colonnade, and returned to St. Peter's Basilica, where Pius XI, picked out by spotlights from the immensity of the backdrop, raised an arm three times in the apostolic benediction. As he re-entered the Vatican, the façade of St. Peter's blazed with thousands of torches.

P. & A.

UP TO THE LIMIT

Fliers Jackson and O'Brine, who broke the endurance record at St. Louis

Thus, theoretically, the 59-year-old conflict between Church and State in Italy is at an end. The Pope of Rome, coming out of the Vatican, comes into the Vatican State, which restores to him, in principle, territory taken more than a half century ago. Here he has supreme power.

Actually, the happy ending is less well turned and less complete than appearances indicate. Since the signing of the Lateran treaties in February, questions have arisen to which Mussolini and Pius have had different answers. There is the question of education, for example. Mussolini has conceded that children must be educated in the faith, but in the Fascist manner, with plenty of stress on "the sense of virility, of power, of conquest." Pius protests. He disapproves of raising children to be conquerors. He disapproves, further, of Mussolini's statement that Italy must have full liberty of conscience and discussion, of Mussolini's whole attitude toward the Church, in fact.

That both have shown themselves determined that nothing should interfere with the ratification of the treaties or with the brilliant celebration which has just taken place is an encouraging sign. When it comes to the interpretation of specific sections, particularly in their application to the education of Italian Catholic youth, however, there may be trouble.

New Grain Association

INDIVIDUALISM, proverbially a trait of American rural life, bowed to modernism when representatives of fifty-two agricultural sales agencies—co-operatives, wheat pools, and elevator associations—at the suggestion of the Federal Farm Board organized the huge Farmers' National Grain Association to market grain crops. This is the Board's first step to bring prosperity to the individual farmer; its complete success evidently would end the day when he determined his acreage for himself, chose his own time to sell his harvest, and drove his own bargain with the grain dealer. To profit fully from the Association's program, which apparently is to control the American grain market, he will necessarily become a small cog in a producing and marketing machine of vast proportions.

That the Association's plan goes contrary to established agricultural practice is emphasized in the provision for a campaign to persuade farmers of the value of co-operative marketing, which may be less difficult than to convince them of the advantage of limiting production of a profitable crop. Financed by a $20,000,000 fund to be derived from the sale of $20 shares to individual farmers and existing sales agencies, the Association will also be in a position to draw on the $500,000,000 Federal fund placed at the discretion of the Farm Board for lending purposes. This fact may tempt sufficient producers into the co-operatives to encourage the Association's efforts to establish a higher price for grain by providing marketing facilities in domestic and world markets, buying and selling grain, and establishing warehouses for storing surplus crops taken off the market to pre-

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vent a fall in price. Such operations apparently can succeed only if the Association handles the bulk of the production.

With the price of wheat already sent skyward by crop failures due to drouth in the Northwest and Canada, the price of food stuffs may not be speedily affected by the Association's activities. Yet its establishment sets a precedent that the consumer might reasonably regard with misgivings.

Here, under the Government's wing, is brought about a merger affecting the most vital necessities, the primary purpose of which is not to effect economies beneficial to consumers, but price advances beneficial only to the producers. The inconsistency of decrying mergers sponsored by men in silk hats, while applauding those undertaken by men in overalls, is obvious but understandable. Industrial America still cherishes a sentimental regard for its rural tradition—the little red school house, the farm home, and the life of the soil. Much seems to be forgiven a merger designed to safeguard such a tradition, even while destroying its attributes.

▸▸*Endurance in the Air*

As a sporting proposition, the endurance flight record, broken and raised as frequently as a collapsible umbrella, loses interest. The public, unable to share Jackson's and O'Brine's sustained enthusiasm for sleeping, eating, waking, thinking, and talking by the roar of a motor, began to regard them somewhat as it regards flagpole sitters, and to inquire, "What's all the enduring for?"

The enduring—particularly that of the St. Louis airmen—has accomplished several things. It has proved beyond all doubt the practicability of refueling and suggested its application to commercial transcontinental aviation. Refueling en route instead of taking a heavy load of gasoline at the start, planes obviously could save much weight for passengers and cargo. It has shown, better than ground testblock experiments ever could, the ability of motors to withstand steady grinds. It has made possible the correction of demonstrated weak spots in engines and, at the same time, has increased public confidence in air travel.

The relation between refueling and transatlantic flying is more dubious. It is probably true, as has been suggested editorially by the magazine "Aviation," that needless and unproductive sensationalism and tragedy have been mingled with the waters of the Atlantic in recent years; that Lindbergh, corroborated by Commander Byrd, has accomplished the crossing as well as it can be done under present conditions. Yet Louis Bleriot, who recently participated in celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of his red-letter hop over the English Channel, has predicted regular transatlantic air service within ten years. He believes the project for floating airdromes anchored every 500 miles along sea routes (which under ideal conditions might make refueling a possibility) to be the solution of the transatlantic commercial aviation problem. M. Bleriot is visionary; he has been ever since he piloted a heavier-than-air craft, a remarkable machine made of wood and canvas, with a three-cylinder motorcycle engine, from Calais to Dover two decades ago. Yet his visions have a way of taking concrete form.

▸▸*Speed on the Sea*

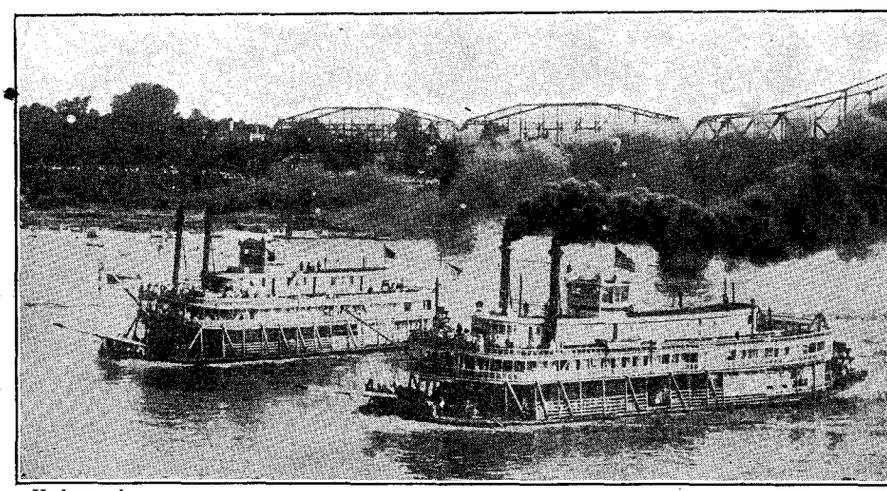
Transatlantic air service ten years from now is all very well for discussion after working hours. Meanwhile the nations have rolled up their sleeves and gone down to the shipyards in earnest. Germany's Bremen has steamed into New York and out again, bearing off the blue pennant for speed. She beat Christopher Columbus, who hung up the mythical pennant in the first place, by 66 days, 42 hours, and 18 minutes; she beat the Mauretania, which has carried it undisputed for the past twenty years, by 8 hours and 52 minutes. Speed has not been the aim of passenger vessels lately; they have striven primarily to eclipse one another in tonnage, comfort, and length. But, since speed more than ever before is the fashion and will pay, there will be plenty of it. The Bremen has set, but 1929 has originated, the new style.

The Bremen will not long wear her laurels unchallenged. The United States Lines, Inc., rubs its hands expectantly as plans go forward for two giant ships to be laid down next year. The White Star has dusted off the partly-finished Oceanic, work on which was suspended a year ago, a few weeks after the keel had been laid, and will push construction along new lines, designed to produce a speed that will give the Bremen a run for her money. The French Line darts excitedly onto the scene with hints of a palatial liner that will pass everything else in a walk, and the next Cunarder, though not sensationally large, will have an "easy maximum" of twenty-eight knots, the Bremen's average on her maiden voyage, and be capable of more under forced draught. Even Italy has caught the fever and will quicken the voyage between New York and ports on the Mediterranean.

▸▸*Racing on the River*

While records were snapping in the air and on the high seas, there was also activity on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. In a twenty-two-mile race along the Ohio, the Tom Greene stole the record held by the Betsy Ann, for 50 years the fastest boat on that river. In St. Louis, the Bogie panted over the finish line, having beaten the running time from New Orleans set at 90 hours and 30 minutes by the Robert E. Lee in a race with the Natchez in 1870.

There was no talk of the sleek



Underwood

BOW AND BOW

"Tom Greene" (right) recently defeated "Betsy Ann" (left) in a race on the Ohio River

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modernity of the Bremen among the cheering crowds that witnessed the course of the two cumbersome stern-wheelers on the Ohio. Smoke billowed from chimneys that were good and high, and no nonsense. Each boat had a texas and, above, a wheel-house with room to turn around in.

On the Mississippi it was different. Not old-time river boats, but the streamlined cruiser yacht Martha Jane, and the neat motor launch Bogie, set out to follow the Lee and the Natchez. Everything considered, the motor craft didn't show up so well. The palatial Martha Jane abandoned the race on the second day; her motors went dead. The little Bogie, which smashed its propeller and bent a shaft on a submerged log, can claim its two hour and 43 minutes' edge on the Lee in running time only, delay for repairs not counted. Captain John T. Cannon and Captain Thomas P. Leathers, owners, respectively, of the Lee and the Natchez, whose argument in a street-car resulted in the historic race, would have chuckled to see them. Streamlines, eh?

▶▶*Counting the Jobless*

WE MAY SOON LEARN what truth there is in the old refrain that everybody works but father. Census enumerators will attempt to discover how many people are out of work when they make their rounds next year. It is hoped that from their findings the Government will acquire fairly accurate figures, and perhaps devise some means for minimizing the hardships of the jobless.

Recent discussions revealed a woeful lack of statistics. Though investigation may disclose shrinkage or increase in the number of unemployed, it cannot show striking trends because of insufficient data. No one knows how many are always out of work, and therefore it is impossible to tell the significance of sporadic inquiries. For instance, there may be no real problem in the fact that 1,000,000 people are not in a shop, factory or store; that may be "normalcy." But when the total becomes 2,000,000 the condition may be serious.

It is possible to anticipate too much from this canvass. There are many difficulties. Should a part-time worker be classed as unemployed? Should a carpenter forced to earn his bread at mowing lawns be regarded as a worker or a problem? What of the young college graduate wavering between getting a job on the local newspaper and writing the great American novel?

Wide World

VICTIMS OF RADIUM

The five New Jersey women are still alive, though told a year ago that they had not long to live

▶▶*Census of Distribution*

ANOTHER INNOVATION in the 1930 census will be a canvass of the distribution of merchandise. It is hoped that exploration of this twilight zone between production and consumption will furnish statistics useful in the elimination of uneconomic methods of selling, distributing, and advertising raw materials, manufactured goods, and retailed products. It is believed there is an annual waste of $8,000,000,000 in the Nation's $40,000,000,000 retail trade alone, and that this can be reduced.

Enumerators will visit factories, wholesalers, brokers' agents, and retail units. Questions will be framed to elicit data concerning gross business, profits, inventories, movement of goods, and sources of supply of both finished and raw materials. Wherever possible, the cost of handling and selling staple commodities will be ascertained. Though it may take years to obtain adequate information, it is counted on—somewhat too cheerfully, perhaps—to decrease the expenses of merchandising. The pretty theory is that these savings will be reflected in the cost of living.

In theory, also, the manufacturer may discover that he can buy his raw material nearer his plant, saving heavy freight charges. He may find that he has been trying to develop distant and unprofitable markets when there is equally good sales territory nearby. He may learn that certain lines of goods and classes of customers are not worth bothering about. The wholesaler may discover that he can operate more profitably if he permits more fortunately placed competitors to handle the trade of distant small-order stores. Sample surveys have suggested the economic folly in a marketing system under which eight salesmen visit the same corner grocery store once a week, only to obtain orders that mean a loss to the distributing unit. An investigation of 80,000 retail stores in eleven cities showed that 47 per cent did a gross business annually of less than $10,000. The retailer—in theory still—may find out from this census what the chain stores learned long ago—that he can make a good profit on a brisk turn-over of 500 articles, whereas he is destined for "the red" if he loads down his shelves with 1,500 slow movers.

In short, the channels through which goods reach the consumer from farms and factories will be charted and the cost of transit accounted for. As to

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the practical value of all this collecting of statistics, business men may not be over-optimistic.

Radium Victims

When radium, newcomer among the elements, was even less well understood than it is today, it was the habit of some of the girls employed in painting luminous hour numbers on watch dials with a radium composition to "point" their brushes with their lips. Five developed lingering and mysterious ailments, finally discovered to be caused by absorption of radioactive salts. Told that science knew no cure and that they could live but a short time, they brought suit, a year ago, against their employers. Each received assurance that all medical bills would be paid and a $10,000 settlement.

Thus opened an extraordinary human-interest story. One of its themes, which seems to create wide-spread interest, revolves around the question: "What would you do with $10,000 if you apparently had not long to live?" The five New Jersey women, the oldest of whom is a little past thirty, have answered as might have been expected. They have spent part of their money to gratify familiar desires; three have bought cars, one a radio and player-piano. Otherwise, all have found too much pleasure in the unaccustomed freedom from financial worry to spend freely. One paid off a troublesome mortgage; another has thriftily deposited her $10,000 in a bank. Their chief wish, however, is to live as long as possible, and they have pursued this end determinedly. While two find no improvement in their health, two report themselves better than they were a year ago, and one declares that she has improved greatly.

Their treatment is, of course, experimental, since no certain way is known of eliminating radioactive salts, which are insoluble, from the body, or of counteracting their effects. The improvement noted in three of the five New Jersey cases may be only temporary; on the other hand, it may be of great value to medical science in indicating to what extent it is possible to check the progress of the disease, if not the disease itself.

Art Turns to Science

The ultra-violet ray, having made good in the detection of spurious paintings, is being turned on marble sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York with results vastly satisfactory to experts who had previously pronounced on the sculpture's age; satisfactory because its findings have almost uniformly confirmed theirs. What the ray does that enables those who use it to differentiate works of art is to cause many things, including mineral pigments and the crystals of marble, to "fluoresce," and to fluoresce each in a different manner.

There is no essential difference between the physical phenomenon of fluorescence and the much more familiar one of phosphorescence. Ultra-violet rays are themselves invisible because their wave length is too short for the human eye, but certain substances have the peculiar power of absorbing these short waves, giving them greater length and reflecting them back into the eye of the observer, generally with wave lengths that register on the retina as green. Our teeth and fingernails exhibit the same spooky power, as any one who has looked at another person under ultra-violet light has observed.

Fortunately it happens that virtually every difference between fluorescent materials is made manifest under the ultra-violet rays—for example, the chemical effects due to the varying lengths of time pieces of marble have been exposed to the air—and it is mainly on this fact that the investigators are basing their revealing research.

When good sources of these rays in the form of quartz mercury vapor lamps have been available twenty-odd years, it is surprising that it has taken so long to apply them. Perhaps some art critic accidentally discovered that there is a science called physics. Or a physicist may have discovered art.

Remarkable Remarks

It seems to be true that unless men live right they die.—Calvin Coolidge.

The church has beautified and sanctified sex relations by insisting that God shall always be recognized in sex unions.—Canon William Sheafe Chase.

If all the churches were closed down today, what difference would it make?—Prof. Harrison S. Elliott.

It (the Tariff Bill) will contribute, as has every Republican tariff measure in the past, to the prosperity of the American people.—Senator Reed Smoot.

There are undoubtedly some foolish laws on our statute books.—Senator Barkley.

The great middle class is no longer drinking. The class at the top and the dregs at the bottom are still at it.—Dr. William Mayo.

Women want to see how many queer things they can do, that's all.—Arthur Brisbane.

I grant you that marriage is war.—Prof. Will Durant.

After all, moving pictures are not quite as bad as the public.—Rev. Dr. John F. Fraser.

Really, I'm not the world's greatest lover.—John Gilbert.

In Brief

A decision of the State Supreme Court has invalidated 1,500 of Connecticut's laws, but pessimists believe that they will be re-enacted. . . . Those hens without wings or toenails, that, free from the bother of moulting wing feathers, will supposedly lay all the year around, represent a fine forward stride toward a Fordized hencoop. The next great problem is to persuade hens to live and lay on a belt conveyor. . . . Now that New Orleans bandits have stolen an armored car containing $42,000 in cash and checks, it may soon be necessary to construct some form of armored car wherein an armored car may be transported through the streets in safety. . . . An army dirigible recently carried Senator Bingham 140 miles, from Hampton, Virginia, to Washington, and, with the help of two ground crews, landed him at the front entrance to the Capitol, so that he might attend a session of the committee revising the tariff. It does seem like a good deal for not much. . . . John Ashley, new head of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department, is known as "the man with the card-index memory." A fiend for figures, facts, names, and dates, he is just the man to keep track of our endurance flights. . . . The new Waldorf-Astoria, which will be forty-three stories high and cost $40,000,000, will "do everything to carry on the traditions of the old Waldorf," doubtless under the slogan, "More luxury for bigger masses." . . . In one day, according to the New York "Times," the Prince of Wales, "besides visiting the brewery. . .

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laid a wreath on the war memorial, inspected 3,000 children, reviewed a detachment of the British Legion, visited a soap factory, a tire factory, an infirmary, rubber and telegraph works, and the local drill hall, and then flew back to London in time for dinner." Possibly some of Edward Albert's reputed interest in the workers stems from a hope of winning union hours for royalty.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IF HERBERT HOOVER continues his bewildering moves in the field of domestic and international affairs, we look for a temporary disappearance of party lines at the Senate session which convenes next week. Instead of the conventional alignment of Republicans, Democrats and Progressives, we anticipate a large enrollment in Senator Borah's one-man party, wherein it is every man for himself and the Administration take the hindmost. This time, however, we would not be surprised if the Democrats and insurgent band proved to be the President's mainstay.

While we withhold judgment on the desirability of such a political upheaval, temporary though it may be, we think the reasons for this probable realignment do credit to the President. The skepticism which prevails among traditional Republicans, we find, is due to their dread that he may scrap such G.O.P. institutions as the navy and the proposed high tariff. Such fears, of course, are purposely exaggerated—we know that Mr. Hoover will stop far short of extremes—but they represent the state of mind existing among Administration supporters like David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, Fred Hale of Maine, Reed Smoot of Utah and even "Jim" Watson of Indiana, the Senate leader.

Senator Reed has already taken his stand against the Administration's move for reduction of the military establishment and lowering of the House tariff rates. Such a thing is unthinkable, cries the little David of the House of Mellon, for the simple reason the American soldier and workingman are the best fed in the world. With an air of enlightened selfishness that is almost convincing Mr. Reed warns that our workers and fighters will go hungry without a large army budget and a high tariff wall. We do not blame the Pennsylvania protectionist for his attitude, since he is Senate military affairs committee chairman and spokesman for the Mellon-Grundy interests. The Senator and his colleagues, obviously, can hardly be expected to understand the live-and-let live philosophy of a Quaker President and a British Premier placed in power by the Party. What though Mr. Reed represents a constituency which numbers more Quakers and workingmen than any other in the land! He is *sui generis*—and an old-fashioned statesman who knows what is best for the "dunderhead" voters of Pennsylvania.

Ding in N. Y. "Tribune"

It's not going to be easy

Mr. Hoover will not be friendless, however. Much to his own discontent, we suspect, Senator Borah is girding his tongue for a combat with the regulars, whom he dislikes, anyway. We feel sorry for the lonely Idahoan, since we have noted signs that he was looking forward gleefully to his annual desertion of the Administration. He had hoped to feed and grow big on the food of insurgency prepared by an Administration that has neglected him and his advice disgracefully.

Now, however, Mr. Borah hears a higher call and will undoubtedly respond. Irregular and irresponsible he may be at times, but there can be no doubt of his sincerity and zeal for naval disarmament as one means of world concord. If, combined with that appeal, Mr. Hoover really does summon sufficient courage to demand a reasonable tariff, the President will have a *sui generis* Senator on his side, too. Moreover, Mr. Borah will bring with him most of the progressive group which departed here in June in an angry mood toward the President. Providence, however, has brought balm to the wheat belt by raising prices and Mr. Hoover has helped himself by turning the thoughts of the peace-loving West to reduction of army and navy costs. By the same strategy he has won the approval of Wilsonian Democrats like Pat Harrison of Mississippi, King of Utah, the two Walshes and Carter Glass of Virginia. The die-hard Republicans may face a formidable array of political guerillas supporting their President.

We still hear talk of the visit to Washington of that remarkable and whimsical man, Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge spent his twelve-hour sojourn without regard for Mr. Hoover's feelings. The ex-President declined to stay at the White House, going to a hotel where he could more easily meet old friends and interview himself for the press. He failed to visit the White House to pay his respects before the noon ceremony marking the proclamation of the Kellogg-Briand peace pact. He held court for seventy correspondents and exhibited a bubbling personality and spirit of good cheer that were almost unbelievable.

Worst of all, from the White House viewpoint, he took credit for almost all the recent achievement affecting the Administration. We know that George Akerson, executive secretary to the President, smiled, as he distributed, a few hours after the Coolidge interview, Mr. Hoover's announcement of postponement of cruiser construction. "Well," ventured Mr. Akerson, "I guess Coolidge won't steal the front page from the White House to-morrow." But Calvin shared it.

A. F. C.

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The Prospect for American Literature

An Editorial by James Boyd

CRITICAL estimates of the condition of a nation's literature generally consider only the nation's writers. The emphasis is natural. But why not give some study to the nation's readers? It is possible, of course, to conceive of a writer whose temperament and finances enable him to exist without them. But it is not possible to conceive of a whole literature able to do so. And not only is literature dependent on readers for existence, it is also colored by their character. For his spiritual satisfaction, for the justification of his life, the normal writer feels the need of an audience. He also feels their influence; he feels the stimulus of their understanding, their keen reaction, their critical discrimination; or he feels the drag of their utter casualness, their superficiality, their infantile obtuseness. It would be worth while to study them as well as him.

In practice such a study is not easy. Most readers, perhaps fortunately, are inarticulate. But a writer himself does build up gradually an estimate of the reading public, at least his own. A part of this estimate is based on the requests for advice on writing that come to him. The people who make them are too intent on their own problems and on getting help in solving them to bother with pose or flattery. They disclose themselves in the only way that can always be reckoned genuine, unconsciously.

Their attitude is curious. It seldom occurs to them that a writer is a practising craftsman, no more and no less, who should be respected or otherwise according to his craftsmanship. Instead they think that he is half an inspired eccentric, mysterious, romantic, and exempt from labor, and half a shrewd fellow getting rich by a secret system.

They want to know what that system is. They wish to write and ask only to be told briefly how it can be done. With our national belief in simplification, they feel that there must be somewhere just a rule or two.

If you tell them there are no simple rules, possibly no complex rules, in a word no rules at all, they think you are holding out on them. The better sports take it philosophically. After all, it is not likely that you would give away the simple but priceless secret of your trade.

But if you went ahead to answer such a question regardless of disbelief, what could be said? Something like this perhaps: Dear Sir or Madam:

I do not know how any one in literature, in private correspondence, even in business, can be taught to write—probably no one knows. All that we do know is that the essence lies in first thinking what you want to say until the vague idea in your mind becomes as sharp as your particular mind can make it. If the idea is simple that is not hard. A child can realize easily and definitely that it wants a red ball; a farmer that he wants five tons of fertilizer. But as ideas become more complex, the difficulty of completely realizing them increases out of all proportion. It is an immense achievement, for instance, to create the picture of a woman in your mind and then to realize, let us say, what happens to her when she learns she has lost the man she loves. It is one thing to feel for her, however poignantly, and another to feel with her, to give precision to each of her hurrying thoughts, and also to see her, to pursue the first vague idea of her in its nebulous shapes, its changing guises, until you force it to come to a stand, disclose itself, render up itself in each shade, each sharp detail. Aside from any question of mental capacity few people are physically or morally capable of sticking to such a task to its conclusion.

Having gone so far, the next task is to transfer this idea into the one combination of words which, above all other thousand combinations possible, most nearly represents it. When you have done these two things in regard to any given idea, you have written the best possible prose for that particular purpose. And this applies not only to highbrow and literary writing, but to all forms: business letters, committee reports, advertising matter. We may consider that the prose of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is more important than a customer's order for five tons of fertilizer, but if the order is in language equally suited to its purpose, the prose is intrinsically as good. That is to say, Hardy himself could not write a better order.

The reason why people cannot, in any important sense, be taught to write is therefore this: these two principles—sharpening the image and picking the words—are things that a man must do mostly for himself. And they are things which, though in the end they may become spontaneous, require in the beginning plenty of time. It is this lack in present American life of time for reflection and concentration which has kept the level of prose low in spite of the great increase, in quantity, of education. How little education matters compared to reflection and self-discipline can be seen in the prose of Abraham Lincoln.

There is another feature of the problem. Language as a medium of conveying ideas is at best relatively clumsy and crude. In the case of a perfectly simple idea this defect is not felt. The man who wants five tons of fertilizer can find words perfectly suited to expressing this thought, and even the more elaborate thoughts of how much cash he proposes to pay, what notes he proposes to give for the balance, and so forth. But in presenting Tess' thoughts on the attitude of the world, of God, and of herself towards her act of supposed immorality, Hardy was confronted by ideas of a subtlety which, language being both arbitrary and rough-cast, he could find no means of reproducing in their entirety.

For language is inadequate in proportion to the refinement of the ideas. It is this fact, I imagine, which has generally given to the great writer a certain humility. His visions are seen with such harmonious intricacy, such wealth and precision of detail, that all attempts to transfer them into

(Please Turn to Page 600)

Where is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this editorial page constitute a list of witnesses to the progress of existence. James Boyd is the author of "Drums" and "Marching On," novels of the Revolution and the Civil War. In them, Mr. Boyd acted upon his conviction that the historical sense must be cultivated, if America is to develop a culture of her own. The next contributor will be Professor Albert G. Keller of Yale

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"Frontier Disease"

By T. R. YBARRA

IN A DISPATCH printed in the New York "Times" a few days ago, one of its European correspondents used the phrase "frontier disease" to denote the peculiar mental state which makes a man living on one side of a boundary line in the Balkans pump another man full of lead simply because he happens to live on the other side. The phrase is an excellent one, but there was no need of confining its applicability to the Balkans.

"Frontier disease" afflicts millions of people all over Europe. Exactly as it leads men in the Balkan countries to take pot-shots at one another on every possible occasion, it impels people in other European lands, who plume themselves on occupying a far higher plane in civilization than Bulgarians or Macedonians, to call each other such bad names in speeches and newspaper articles and books, until finally there is nothing left for them to do but leap ferociously across the frontiers separating their respective countries and start killing on a scale that would make a Macedonian or a Bulgarian green with envy.

"Frontier disease" has been largely responsible for European wars in the past; and, despite the zealous attempts of pacifist researchers to find cures for it, it bids fair to continue ravaging the European continent not only in the Balkans, where fingers curl easily around triggers, but in its more westerly portions, where cuss-words drop easily from tongues.

DISPUTES as to just where frontiers should be are every-day incidents in Europe. Nobody has ever been able to trace boundaries that would please the average Yugoslav. The life of a Macedonian is just one fit of fury after another because the frontiers of his homeland are not in what he considers the right place. Hungarian physicians are constantly reporting deaths among their patients as due to ordinary causes like apoplexy or stroke or the bursting of blood vessels, but the truth of the matter often is that the said patients have a violent attack of "frontier disease" after reading some Rumanian statesman's remarks to the effect that Transylvania is really Rumanian and not Hungarian, or some outburst from a publicist in Czechoslovakia to the effect that there is no earthly reason why Hungary should hope to recover the land of the Slovaks, taken from her as a result of the World War. Poland is full of "frontier disease;" and, as for Lithuania, a Lithuanian is almost sure to get it every time he sees a Pole. But the classic cause of "frontier disease" is Alsace-Lorraine. For nearly half a century—from 1871 to 1918—the mere mention of Alsace-Lorraine gave Frenchmen "frontier disease;" and now, whereas the dread ailment has disappeared from France, it has bobbed up in Germany in a most virulent form, brought on, in a great number of cases, by somebody's pronouncing, within earshot of a German, the words "Alsace-Lorraine."

WHEN "frontier disease" gets really serious, it leads, as has been said, to European wars; between wars, leads to an enormous amount of annoyance to travelers on the European continent. The latent form in which it has prevailed throughout Europe ever since the great epidemic of it which raged from 1914 to 1918 was stopped, is responsible for such a large percentage of the troubles of tourists in Europe that one wonders why they don't become so nearly obsolete as to merit the inclusion of specimens of their genus in museums. "Turistus Nebraskensis" we may read soon on a museum placard pinned on to a skeleton, "related to Turistus Ohioensis and Turista Newyorkiana. This specimen dug up near Hungarian-Rumanian frontier, with Rumanian bullet in one lung and Hungarian in other. Suppose to have perished as result of brawl with frontier guards because of incorrect visa on passport. Species now almost extinct."

"Frontier disease" is largely responsible for the passport evil. It is largely responsible for custom-houses and custom-duties. It has helped enormously in the development of smuggling. It is the reason why you get outrageously cheated again and again when you change the currency of one European country—totally worthless once you cross an invisible frontier—for that of another country—equally worthless, as you find to your disgust, once you are back again in the land from which you started. It is why there are no through trains from France to Spain—"frontier disease" has made the Spaniards build their tracks with a gauge wider than is used in France, so all trains, French and Spanish, must stop at the frontier, and all passengers change cars. The same thing occurs on the border-line between Russia and every one of her neighbors; the Russian gauge does not conform to that of any of them. Merely "frontier disease" again!

Americans have never really appreciated the blessings of living in a land where this dire affliction has never won a foothold. Only along the Rio Grande have we anything like it and never has it spread into the United States from there to any appreciable extent. Mexicans, to be sure, get "frontier disease" when they think of the Mexican War of eighty years ago, for did not that war play such havoc with the Mexican-American frontier that, when the smoke cleared, California and Texas were on its northern instead of its southern side?

AMONG US, however, "frontier disease" utterly fails to take root. Pessimists have been croaking for years that it is bound to crop out some day on our Canadian border-line, but so far their gloomy prophecies have not come true. And long may they continue unfulfilled! Just think what a mess these United States would be if we Americans succumbed at last to "frontier disease!" Think of our disgust if, on a train running from New York to Chicago, the conductor suddenly came along shouting:

"We are on the Indiana-Illinois frontier, ladies and gentlemen! Passports and luggage will be examined in the train. Heavy luggage will be examined in the station. Please get your passports ready for the Indiana authorities. The Illinois authorities will inspect them later—in half an hour. Ladies and gentlemen, the train will stop here two hours!" Would not the rush of language evoked by such an announcement raise doubts as to the presence in that train of a single person justified in laying claim to being a lady or a gentleman?

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A Healthy Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

IN MANY WAYS this has been the most remarkably cheerful summer in recent financial history. A survey of commerce, industry and agriculture reveals only one disquieting feature, namely, the money situation.

The stock market speaks for itself. After the serious decline in May, prices of the leading securities have been marching steadily upward. The stimulus of this advance, moreover, has come principally not from speculators but from investors. This statement would be a hard one to prove but it would be confirmed by nearly any broker or investment banker. The type of issue, moreover, which has enjoyed the most substantial appreciation indicates the character of the buying. The "cats and dogs" have been either steady or rather heavy while the stocks of the real first rate corporations have been in the ascendent. This statement also is subject to qualifications. A few class "A" stocks have failed to participate in the rally and a few second-raters have appreciated in value but, generally speaking, the bull market of the last two months has been limited to the gilt edge common stocks.

One of the most encouraging features of the market has been its selectivity. The healthiest sort of a market is one in which some stocks are rising and others declining. In a market where everything rises there are sure to be a good many securities which are responding not to underlying conditions but to the public's speculative attitude. As many analysts have pointed out, buyers and sellers in the latest phase of the "Hoover advance" have been more discriminating than ever. As Prince & Whitely pointed out in a recent bulletin, approximately 250 stocks are now selling from 20% to 50% below their high points of the year and in some cases they are even more than 50% lower.

No one can say without any assurance that current prices are justified. Some utility companies in particular seem to be discounting the future beyond the range of the naked eye. It is by no means certain, furthermore, that stocks of the very first rank companies such as General Electric, American Can and U. S. Steel deserve to remain at such altitudes. But if the public is going to bet on continued high prosperity, it is showing exceptional wisdom in placing its money on proved leaders rather than on unsteady corporations which look attractive often only because their future could not be as unprofitable as their past.

Business in general is probably more active than it has been in any other summer. Naturally the hot weather and vacation periods have brought about some slackening but the let-up has been less than even the most optimistic prophets predicted. This prosperity might be disquieting if it were accompanied by any of the symptoms of inflation such as swelling inventories or a growing urge to buy for more than immediate requirements. Hand-to-mouth buying has been one of the strongest bases of the prosperity of the last five years and it is encouraging to see that this policy still prevails. It is also encouraging to see that despite the continuance of prosperity, commodity prices remain stable. This stability, of course, is partly an effect and partly a cause of the hand-to-mouth buying policy.

Prosperity creates prosperity. With few exceptions each industry and each unit profits by the good fortune of the others. The psychological effect, moreover, of reports of good business from the giant corporations gives heart to merchants all over the country. The recent action of the Bethlehem Steel directors in raising the dividend from $4.00 to $6.00 annually, for instance, must have dispelled a great many doubts as to the solidity of our prosperity.

Two months ago the money situation was not the only worry. Even more disturbing probably was the decline in wheat. The price of the grain fell below its level in many years. Most of the farmers had disposed of their crops and it had no immediate effect on them. The weakness, nevertheless, worried not only the farmers but the whole financial community. Before most of the doleful predictions based on this drop had appeared in print, the market turned and the price of wheat has been in an upward trend every since. The danger now is that bullishness may grow too rampant, bringing about an inevitable collapse. The advance thus far, though, has apparently been justified by the unfavorable outlook for the growing crop in Western Canada and for the Spring crop in the American Northwest.

This leaves only the credit situation to encourage the pessimists. After the May break it looked as if Wall Street's worries over the Federal Reserve policy and the resultant scarcity of funds were over. Time money rates fell about two per cent and call money was available in substantial amounts. Recently time money has begun to firm up again and the successive advance of the brokerage loan totals to new highs has revived the possibility that the Federal Reserve Board would either issue some warnings against credit inflation or would take direct action to tighten money. That the board would take such steps in the face of the Autumn demand for funds is doubtful but the very unfavorable attitude of the Reserve banks towards security speculators may induce them to stop the stock market at all costs, or at least try to.

The already precarious position of the security salesman has been jeopardized further by the alacrity with which the public will buy any well sponsored common stock that is offered to them, particularly if it is in the nature of a holding company. Holding companies are particularly popular because their success depends entirely on managerial skill and is not influenced much by factors over which they have no control, such as rising or falling prices in commodities or a change in public favor.

The latest illustration of the investor's ravenous appetite for an issue where the management has unlimited power was the welcome accorded the offering of Shenandoah stock by Goldman, Sachs & Co. As soon as it was known that these bankers were offering the stock in a corporation which would invest in public utility holding issues, everybody wanted it. No one seemed to know or care the price of the issue or the set-up of the organization.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

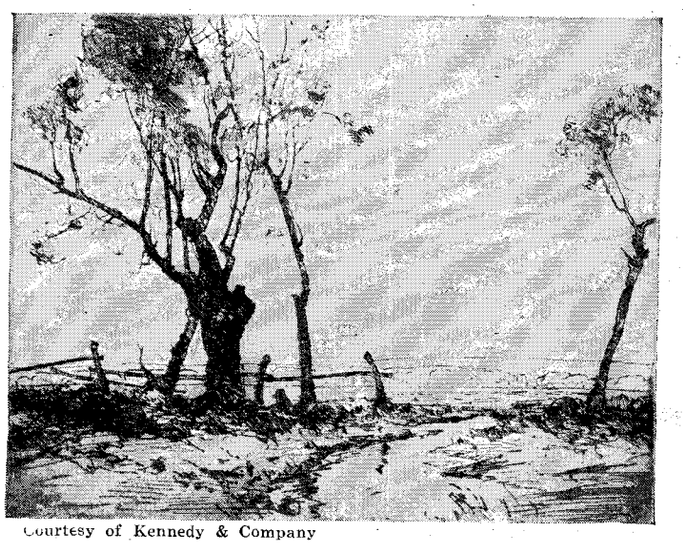
Novels by Three Women

They Stooped to Folly. By Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
The Fiddler. By Sarah G. Millin: Horace Liveright. $2.50.
The Galaxy. By Susan Ertz: Appleton. $2.50. All published this week.

THIS week bears out what Rebecca West has said about the excellence of modern women novelists. One rarely meets at once three novels by women so varied and so excellent as these. Beside the poised and measured richness of these books, the usual feminine outpouring is the "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Ellen Glasgow's book would stand out in any week or year; and the other two must be placed among the fine novels of the season. Each book is distinguished by some particular, and some particularly feminine quality: Susan Ertz's by its detail, Sarah Millin's by its emotional intensity, and Ellen Glasgow's by its honesty. For we maintain that honesty like hers is found only in women, unencumbered by the ideals which cling to the most disillusioned of males, unhampered by the nice requirements of chivalry.

Sarah Millin has used again her South African setting for another story of a moral weakling who happens also to be an artist frustrated by his own frailty, a character which evidently interests her hugely. She writes direct narrative. Tragedy shambles across her pages shorn of all grandeur, mean and senseless. Toward the close of the book, the Fiddler, having seduced another man's wife for excitement, drawing her reluctant steps toward him with the hypnotic force which weak men so often exert upon vaguely lonely women, and having murdered a casual performer in the tragedy for cowardice and caution, justifies himself. "I am not a gross man," he says. "It's been my imagination that's wanted things more than my body. It's been a sort of poetry"—the everlasting apology of the moral coward. And again, he remembers how he and Jennie, the wife, and Francis, the husband, the sad victims of his poetry, had discussed "the wailing of cats and the music that could spring from the same root; and how he had spoken in praise of a humanity that could make glory of this dark, earthy thing." In her spare, powerful prose, Sarah Millin shows the glory that such Fiddlers make for the shabby thing that it is.

"The Galaxy" is the chronicle of one woman's life which began in 1862 and ended only yesterday. It is told with ease and skill, fine understanding of character and some prejudice. As the story of a life it is essentially formless; things happen, people appear and disappear, ideas and manners change. Laura Deverell's life is a stage across which many characters move, haphazard, through scenes which shape themselves only vaguely into a drama. Susan Ertz has identified herself so completely with her heroine that the other figures of her story show to the reader only the faces which Laura sees. Her Victorian parents are an egocentric, intolerable and stupid martinet and his frightened echo; her husband, an ardent lover on one page, a selfish brute on the next; her brother, a misunderstood genius; her lover (who reminds this reviewer, absurdly, of Jo March's Professor Baer) a blond god. And this singleness of view-point keeps Laura's character static. Just as we see ourselves as always consistent, always explicable, so we see Laura. This makes for unity in the novel and for sympathetic understanding of the heroine's character. "The Galaxy" is a satisfying book, meaty and well-seasoned; a book to sink your teeth into and read with a pleasure at once eager and tranquil. In its elaborate and convincing detail, it presents as fine a picture of the period just past as we have met since "The Forsyte Saga."



Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

MEADOW BROOK
Etching by Chauncey F. Ryder

"They Stooped to Folly" is another matter. This is satiric comedy of the first water. If not the richest, for she lacks tenderness, or the most profound, for her scope is limited, Ellen Glasgow is surely the most brilliant of American novelists. This piercing, pitiless comedy of morals is performed against the stage of modern Virginia. Being a southern novelist, Miss Glasgow understands the traditional villainy of War, and in "They Stooped to Folly," the World War is the villain in whose horrid wake white porticos lie blackened and lovely gardens, bare. On the stage, three female figures stand as symbols: Aunt Agatha Littlepage, who was seduced fifty years ago, retired thereupon to the back-bedroom and emerged only when the War had healed her hurts with movies and ice-cream sodas: Mrs. Dalrymple, who fell in the Lily Langtry Nineties and continued to fall with all the grace of a king's mistress, but only in foreign parts, until the War sent her home to upset Mr. Littlepage: and Milly Burden, who had a war baby and didn't care who knew it and whom the Littlepages succored to their cost. Before these motionless symbolic figures, the actors in the play sidle and scramble, strut and prance, performing almost every small human antic and making almost every grand gesture. And with perfect and terrible detach-

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ment, Ellen Glasgow burnishes the antics and dulls the bright edges of the gestures to make a comedy of dazzling brilliance and exquisite balance.

Make no mistake about "They Stooped to Folly." It is an amazing book, an exciting book, but an exhausting one. So much penetration, so much honesty, so much wit requires reading as well as writing. Reading it, one begins, presently, to start each new sentence hoping that it may be commonplace, to resent the cruelty of the galloping author who will not give the pedestrian reader's mind a breathing spell. As a reviewer, we dare not say it, but as a fellow reader we must confess that we enjoy "They Stooped to Folly" more in retrospect than in first experience. And that is a tribute which one cannot pay to very many books.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

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The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

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Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Rosman: Minton Balch. A gay summer story with an ingenious plot and pleasant characters. Reviewed July 3rd.

Scarlet Sister Mary by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs Merrill. Native material is used with poetic grace in this moving story of plantation life. Reviewed November 21st.

The Laughing Queen by E. Barrington Dodd: Mead. An imaginative romance of Cleopatra which shows her as a light-hearted girl as well as an ambitious and seductive queen. The historic atmosphere of Alexandria and Rome and the characters of Caesar and Anthony are well-handled.

A Wild Bird, by Maud Diver: Houghton, Mifflin. This story of a wild bird of a girl who was tamed by life and love is commonplace in style and content.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

Mansions of Philosophy by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of Philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19th.

The Week's Reading

Roper's Row. By WARWICK DEEPING: A. A. Knopf. $2.50. Published August 2nd.

AGAINST the press of novelists who would destroy the harmless illusions of readers, Warwick Deeping stands as the champion of the illusion and the platitude. In his new book he tells the story of a medical genius: it is an allegory of the triumph of virtue over persecution. Hazzard is a poor country boy, and crippled to boot. His adored and adoring mother scrimps to send him to public school (this is England). There, in common with quite a number of boys in English novels, his physical disability, his working habits and his brilliance win him the hatred of the school bullies. At medical school and the hospital the same fate pursues him. Egocentric, devoted to research, willing to support himself by menial labor, far more brilliant than his associates, he is hated and persecuted. A pseudo-scandal precipitates his departure from the hospital; and he settles in Roper's Row, a London slum, where he labors for the poor and dreams of a great foundation which shall care for children, crippled like himself. In the face of incredible difficulties he and "the girl," Ruth Avery, whom he marries without love because she makes him comfortable, work on. At last, through one noble friend, the interest of an eccentric millionaire is enlisted, former snubbers are discomfited, the foundation inaugurated, Ruth found to be a beloved woman, after all, and virtue rewarded.

"Roper's Row" is a triumph of the obvious. We have been able to discover in it no original idea or situation, no new turn of phrase, even. Mechanically perfect in plot, as Deeping's books always are, and well supplied with types, it lacks both the humor and the warm humanity which enriched "Sorrell and Son."

The Courts of the Morning. By JOHN BUCHAN: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Aug. 2.

SANDY ARBUTHNOT, whose tweed-clad shoulders have borne the burden of several of Buchan's best tales, is the chief actor in "The Courts of the Morning." And with him, old readers will be glad to find Archie, Blenkiron, Janet and others of the old guard, with Hannay as historian. There is a formidable villain of the fanatic scientist type, and a few new recruits for Sandy, one of whom, we regret to announce, is on the last page about to lead that indomitable bachelor to the altar. The story is so fantastic that a less skilful pen than Buchan's could not have made it credible. The scene is South America, where great frozen mountains and sinister tropic forests lie on the doorstep of bustling modern cities. And the climax of the story is a very modern war. Not quite up to "Greenmantle," this is still a first-rate story of mystery and adventure.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

CONSIDERABLE evidence for the fundamental nature of religion is found in the urge felt by the thinkers of this scientific and practical age to rethink their religion. Were religion less vital there would not be this continuous attempt to adapt it to new truth and new needs. It would merely be abandoned. A number of very recent books bear this out.

"Religion is an Age of Science" by Edwin A. Burtt, of the University of Chicago, (Frederick A. Stokes Company) is no attempt to reconcile science and religion in the old sense of "How much can I still believe?" but rather a frank facing of the fact of conflict, a conflict which is at bottom one of fundamental attitudes. To quote, "The ideal of science is that of intellectual honesty and social verifiability pursued in an atmosphere of complete tentativeness and mutual co-operation. The ideal of religion has been that of personal salvation attained by inflexible loyalty to some revered leader, institution or doctrine." The author believes that this conflict can be resolved only by religion's becoming through and through harmonious with the spirit of science. This he believes can be done by relegion's sloughing off all but the spirit of love and the worship of goodness. One must admire the sincerity and deep thinking shown in this book. And yet when so keen a thinker as Bertrand Russell can write as he has in the past few weeks of "The Twilight of Science," it is pertinent to ask whether all the adapting need to be done by religion? It is possible that religion may be a going concern long after science has become a mere epoch in the history of human thought.

Another book which accepts wholeheartedly the results of modern science is "Souls in the Making" by John G. Mackenzie (Macmillan). The author, a professor in the fields of sociology and psychology, writes primarily for ministers and others who have to deal with the personal problems of men and women. He has studied deeply the new knowledge which has come to us through psycho-analysis and behaviorism, but he is not carried away by it. He is, however, convinced that these new approaches to the age-old problems of character development can and must be made the servants of religion. Indeed, it is religion alone which can unify the personality. It is the centering of life about the Kingdom of God which can give power and stability to the self. This is the sanest and most concretely helpful book in this field we have seen. This is vital rethinking of religion as it enters into every-day problems of human conduct. It ought to be placed among the books on every pastor's bookshelf.

But nowhere is religious rethinking more needed than in Biblical field. The "Higher Criticism" has been completely misunderstood by so many deeply religious folk who have thought of it simply as one more device of Satan. Yet it has brought us priceless gains in our knowledge of the Bible. "Unravelling the Book of Books" by Ernest R. Trattner (Scribners) is the story of how gradually and bit by bit scholars came to solve the old, old puzzles as to who wrote the books in our Bible and when and why. This story is told from Spinoza right up to the present. It is an accurate and fascinating sketch of the long period of criticism which has so altered our ideas about the Bible. It is one of the very best popular accounts of this research. Those who would base any arguments upon the Bible must know what this research has revealed. To read this book is a pleasant way to some of this knowledge.

Still further rethinking in the field of religion is shown in "Truth and the Faith" by Hartley Burr Alexander (Henry Holt and Co.). This is a philosophical book, a setting forth of his ripe thoughts about religion by a past president of the American Philosophical Association. Here is no evading of the hard facts of life which seem to belie a good God, but here is triumphant faith. As the author says, "Of God who is our light and leader in the fight which we must wage upon chaos I will say my faith." There is deep beauty and poetry here as well as deep thinking. To quote from his tracing of the development of physics as it has culminated in the Einsteinian conceptions: "But light troubled the deeps and rest awoke into an ancient ether gathering to itself fields magnetic and electric, disturbing its repose as with luminous dreams and faint conscious breathings. Then came the last abstraction: *all* is light, *all* breath."

Finally, and in many respects best of all, there is Reinhold Niebuhr's new book with the intriguing title, "Leaves from the Note Book of a Tamed Cynic" (Willett, Clark and Colby). In it this brilliant young preacher opens up his heart and mind. These extracts from his note-book cover a period from 1915 to 1928. They show a keen and sincere Christian leader at work in his parish, manfully facing its problems but thoroughly awake also to the mighty world problem of our day. His observations are penetrating. One chosen almost at random is typical: "We ministers maintain our pride and self respect and our sense of importance only through a vast and inclusive ignorance." And again, speaking of a forum, he writes, "One old gentleman wanted to know when I thought the Lord would come again, and a young fellow spoke volubly on communism and ended by challenging me to admit that all religion is fantasy. Between these two you have the story of the tragic state of religion in modern life."

This is a book which shows the deepest thought and yet it sparkles with humor. There is more real joy in reading it than in many an "adventure story." Would that every clergyman could read it. It would help him to see himself in a better perspective. It ought to be listed as required reading in our theological seminaries. It is a hopeful sign that so much religious rethinking is taking place today. It is still more hopeful that minds of power are doing it. And all this is a tribute to the basic nature of religion.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Marcel Schwob's The Book of Monelle Bobbs-Merrill

Among the literary arts, translation is most rarely practised in the creative spirit. The qualities required for complete success are highly unusual. In this rendering of what he calls the "Vita Nuova" of Marcel Schwob, William Brown Meloney V has mastered happily the difficult task of conveying into English all the delicacy of one of the most lovely and subtle works in French literature.

Marcel Schwob is not a writer well known to us; and the story of his meeting with the street girl he calls Monelle, whose affection transformed for him existence and its meaning, is not as familiar as the similar episode in the life of De Quincey. But the spiritual adventure and reformation that it records are universally significant. To readers who can perceive and care to follow the less obvious experiences of a highly sensitive and imaginative mind, the translator has made accessible a new beauty.

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Fashion, Beauty and Brains

(Continued from Page 579)

would have been quite possible to have said "Ridiculous! A coat without fastening!" and refused it. But the sheep did not.

This same garment has not only that towering collar of fur, but is cuffed with fur, trimmed with fur, weighted with great chunks of fur sewed on in spots. Why? Ask the enfranchised independent educated modern woman who wears this exhibit of the fur trade for what reason she is willing to assist in the extermination of harmless little animals, by hideously painful methods.

Reason! There is not the ghost of a reason in her mind. It is not for necessary warmth, the satisfying cause for wearing fur in cold countries. She wears furs in summer. She wears furs in the house. This last is considered an ornament. Is a dead cat around one's neck an ornament? It is of course a clean, deodorized, imitation dead cat, with bright-eyed imitation head, and dangling boneless imitation legs. "Isn't it cute!" she says, delighting in the resemblance to a real carcass. It is the aesthetic taste of a Hottentot.

There is, of course, a reason for the forcing upon us of this deluge of fur, and that is the rapid increase of that part of the population which makes its living by handling fur, making fur into garments. Since the normal demand for winter coats did not suffice, an abnormal demand was created and forced upon our feeble, unused minds.

The justification for any kind of clothing or decoration is in the needs and tastes of the wearer; we do not, or at least should not wear them merely to maintain an unnecessary and cruel trade. Patriotic Irish noblewomen may seek to set a vogue for Irish lace; benevolent encouragers of local industry may try to sell us homemade bedquilts and hooked rugs; this is legitimate, if we honestly admire the goods and desire to support the workers. But when the artificial, self-interested push forces upon us cruelty, absurdity and ugliness, we are weak fools to allow it.

Since the rational and often lovely innovation of short hair, giving us at last the proud beauty of the human head without heavy additions in outline, we have promptly covered that head and much of the face with one unescapable form of close extinguisher. At times there develops a brim, but the tight hood remains above it. Under the overhanging edge of these close covers, uptilted eyes peer forth, the chin is sunk in the collar, scant samples of hair are dragged forth to further hide the cheeks as with whiskers. What remains of the human face, the human head, the crown of racial dignity?

These smothering cowls are by no means as outrageous as the monstrosities worn twenty years ago, but neither are they beautiful, as their wearers will cheerfully admit if they live another twenty years and listen to the jeers of their granddaughters.

Our principle boast today is as to the "freedom" of short skirts. Freedom for what? For legs of course. Legs need freedom to stand, walk, run, to jump and climb. With our "free" skirts have come the most imbecile shoes ever seen out of China. Shoes in which one cannot comfortably stand, much less walk, run or jump,—shoes, to which if we apply the simple test of putting the like on men, the absurdity is manifest.

A foot is not a decorative appendage like the tail of a peacock; it is not a sex-distinction, men and women both have feet and they work the same way. A high-heeled slipper sometimes has an unmistakable beauty of line in itself, suitable to a mantel ornament, but it loses that beauty when injuriously applied to a living foot.

The freedom of the legs is stultified by the deformity of the feet. Our swiftly increasing chiropodists can testify to the latter, and so does the noticeable fact that no matter how much we strip legs and arms, front and back, we seldom uncover our feet. We do not wish to. Beautiful feet are more rare than one cares to think. How many have you ever seen? Not beautiful smooth silk stockings and dainty slippers, but feet?

Quite aside from the relative wisdom or beauty of fashions past and present, there remains for painful study the effect on the mind of our docile acceptance of any of them. It is amazing that with all our independence, the phrase "they are wearing them" continues weighty, we still speak of some garment as "coming in" or "going out;" the attitude of submission is the same as it was fifty years ago, or five hundred.

I heard a young woman who was a college student of sorts, speak of that little convenience, the hair-net. "I never liked them" she said. "I was glad when they went out." Observe, she wore them when they were "in" against her own preference. She had not sense or courage enough to leave off what she disliked until "they" discarded them.

This is no brief for a fixed and permanent costume. It would be a pity, indeed, if we could make no progress in the matter of clothing; show no gain in beauty and fitness as the centuries pass. The play of fancy of the born designer, composing in color and fabric, decorating with pattern and applied ornament, should offer us a field of choice so wide and fertile that long before now we should have arrived at many forms of dress both fit and beautiful.

Such variety of choice should be accompanied by cultivated taste and real freedom of personal decision. With picture and statue and story we should teach our children in every school to recognize lovely and useful costumes and laugh at ridiculous ones, discussing the reason why full-bottomed wigs and monster hats were foolish, and doublet and hose becoming.

It is easy to show the relation between dress and the body beneath it, the need not only of free action but of harmony in line. The effect of line and mass is as vital in dress as in architecture. Aspiring devotion, shown in great temples of towering pillars or Gothic arches, would not appear in low, rambling, uneven structures. So the robes of royalty, of the priesthood and judiciary, have meaning and express it. With what respect could we bow down before a Pope in golf stockings and shirtsleeves?

A most illuminating contrast could be shown, giving first a line of great dignitaries in their flowing robes, and some well-known figures of beautiful women, as Queen Louise coming down stairs, or Beatrice and her companions when Dante first saw her; then the row of figures repeated accurately, save that all their robes were cut off at the knee.

Given a trained taste and definite freedom of choice, we shall have beauty and comfort and reason in our clothing, but what is far more deeply important is that we shall by means of this personal effort in judgment and decision, strengthen these qualities so that we shall be able to think for ourselves and not run with the flock as always before.

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From the Life

Ambition

By IBBY HALL

IN ALL probability, he had never made a study of philosophy. He had been too busy always, perfecting himself as a member of the Police Force.

Nevertheless there must have lurked in his mind from the very beginning of life, a belief in the ultimate perfection of the soul. Life was serious. Life was the bone on which to cut one's teeth. Life was the means to self improvement—to the realization of flawless achievement.

There were a number of steps ahead of him, naturally. One cannot arrive at the head of the Police Force in a day. Beyond that enviable position lay the glamor of uncertainty. Mayor? State's Attorney? Governor? His mind stopped before the next great leap. The mere thought was enough to sober any man.

He was aware that there were a great many paths in life besides the one he had chosen. Business—education—religion—sports. He had never tried any of them. He couldn't see that they would help him in his line of progress. None of them, that is, except sports. He felt wearily, sometimes, that perhaps he had made a mistake there. Perhaps the knowledge and training that comes from taking up a good healthy sport might be an asset to a man who stands for rightness and authority. So far his plan of life had justified itself. He had improved himself steadily, had advanced and been commended with regularity, and had been finally promoted to the rank of captain on the Force. Perhaps if he were, at this stage, seriously to consider one of the many branches of sport—

He considered golf. Now there was a sport worth considering. The hand—the eye—the brain; to say nothing of the leg muscle. Calmness of disposition. Balance of the physical framework. Accuracy of judgment. He considered all these. Then too, there was a dignity in the game—a certain prestige.

The Police Captain at last made his decision. He arranged his life and his time so that they might include the addressing of himself to a new occupation. He now set out to learn golf.

The clubs were an expense. The course of instruction would prove a further expense. But he had been told that the acquirement of golf was difficult. He might find that years of practice and painstaking effort would be exhausted before he could become an expert. Seen in the light of those years, the financial outlay appeared small. A few dollars a year only, would be the price of expertness. For he had no doubt of the goal at which he would arrive.

The Police Captain began to be instructed. He was taught how to stand—how to balance his body upright upon a small circle of ground—how to arrange thumbs and fingers upon the handles of his clubs—how to grasp and hold. And finally how to swing. He could see that this was serious. As serious as life itself. As serious as being a Police Captain.

To all instructions he nodded obediently, opening and closing his mouth regularly in order to ask a question. But it seemed there was no time for questions.

At last his instructor paused, at last the pupil—by the simple device of keeping his mouth open until that moment—managed to speak.

"I understand," he nodded approvingly, "but just what is the object?"

"The object?" repeated the instructor, staring.

"The objective," nodded the Police Captain, "the goal—the ambition—"

"Oh, you want to know the ambition of it?" interrupted the instructor. "Well, I'll give it to you. Your ambition is to make the hole in one. Get me? Just one."

The Captain of Police looked thoughtful. He stood as he had been told to stand. He grasped and swung and let his eyes rest earnestly upon the distant hole waiting small and obscurely for his ambition.

The Police Captain took his final swing and struck.

Over the bright green turf, a silver streak in the sunlight, flew and rolled and tumbled the little ball. Straight as an arrow and gay as a kitten it shot further and further—closer and closer—more innocently and charmingly as it approached the far-off hole. And quietly dropped completely out of sight.

For a moment the onlookers could not breathe for their excitement. The disbelievers started running hastily for that far-off spot. The instructor, eyes bulging from his head, looked at his new pupil—at the flag that marked the distant cup—and back again.

The Police Captain waited only for corroboration. It was true. He had made the hole in one. He turned and restored the shining club to the spotless bag, and looking around him tossed the whole outfit far off upon the greensward.

"Say! Whatsa matter?" shouted his instructor. "Come on, boy! That was good!"

But his erstwhile pupil was looking at him strangely and there was a great weariness in his face.

"I'm through," he said quietly, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "Why should I go on? No one can do any better than perfect."

And still he stared—he had never thought of it before. What did one go on with—after reaching perfection?

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Natalie Sumner Lincoln's The Fifth Latchkey Appleton

Whose voice came over the wire when Eric Van Vechten, whose hand clutched the receiver, was stabbed to death in his father-in-law's library? And how did he get the latchkey that let him into the house? And what was he doing there anyway? These, reader, are but a few of the questions which will be answered for you when State's Attorney Bruce gets on the trail. Of course we knew all the time Mona didn't kill her husband, but things looked black for her for a while. And even the State's Attorney might have done it. We believe the outcome of this well-constructed story will (mildly) surprise you.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WE are sorry, but to us "Broadway Nights," the Shuberts's new summer show, affords an excellent example of what happens to good showmen when they go into the real estate business. As a means of paying the interest on the mortgage of the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre, we can see a real and compelling raison d'etre for "Broadway Nights." We can't think of a single other reason why anybody would ever put it on.

In fact, this kind of entertainment begins to bother us a good deal. Back in the dark ages it is clear somebody wrote a book and cracked a lot of jokes; and once a year some producer or other seems to find a copy of this ancient tome in the closet and brings it out before a so-called eager public under the impression that it is bright and brilliant and sparkling and new. And yet, it is just the same old book and the same old show. How come they can't recognize it?

In this case, the producers have put Dr. Rockwell and Odette Myrtil in it. But even this doesn't help. We can remember the time when Dr. Rockwell was very funny, indeed. Perhaps he would be again if somebody could write good stuff for him. Only they haven't. The same thing is true of Odette Myrtil. We saw her last in "White Lilacs" as George Sand, and we thought her immense. Perhaps this was because she didn't sing, but simply acted the part of a woman of passion and genius. Well, in "Broadway Nights" she does sing—and she doesn't act anything in particular, mainly because there isn't anything in particular to act. She plays the violin rather well. But she can't sing. To the Shuberts, we suppose, she is just like the theatre—they've got to use her somehow this summer.

As for the rest of the show, we guess we're a misanthrope. It seemed just plain awful to us. Stupid, vulgar and full of childish sketches and very, very low-down stage-craft. They had a scene called "Come, Hit Your Baby" and—of all things!—they threw us a lot of sport balls with which to hit Our Babies on the stage. If Christopher Morley doesn't hear of this over in Hoboken, we miss our guess. It may not be "Black Crook" stuff. But it certainly went out with "The Three Twins." Next, they've got a scene outside the Sultan's tent in Persia. And then—can you guess it?—they've got a scene *inside* the Sultan's tent in Persia. We just knew the thing would go exactly that way.

As usual, nobody knew how we happened to arrive in Persia, or why; or why we started out on the stage of the Greenburg Opera House, or why we went to the railroad station in Greenburg; or why we were so pleased over getting back to good old New York. Particularly since we never did get back to New York, at all.

Well, it's all just like that—with Alan K. Foster girls and slave girls, and Chester Hale girls, and Hotsy Totsy girls—no, these were Hotsy Totsy hats. To be perfectly frank, we couldn't keep any of it straight. Even the settings of Watson Barratt, who is a genuine artist and has produced many beautiful things before, were a good deal on the German valentine order; and low German at that.

When the girls were dressed in anything, they seemed to us very badly dressed. And when they weren't showing us how ugly women can look in men's costumes, they were giving three dancers, called King, King and King, an opportunity to make us wish the girls were back again. We understand these three boys are very talented, whether as three baggage men or three anything. To us, in our miserable condition, they appeared like Adenoid Triplets. We just wished they wouldn't come on.

Just one sketch was really amusing—Dr. Rockwell's running explanation, told from an upper left-hand box, of Odette Myrtil's pantomine act "The Artist." If it hadn't been for this and memories of previous appearances of Dr. Rockwell we would never have known that he could be funny at all. Even as it is, he isn't very funny.

As you may have gathered, we didn't like it. Well, we didn't, and we advise nobody to go to see it in spite of the newspaper ads and if it ever goes on the road, we advise everybody to stay away. We even wish the producers had given the money to the war chest of a new Anti-Amusement League.

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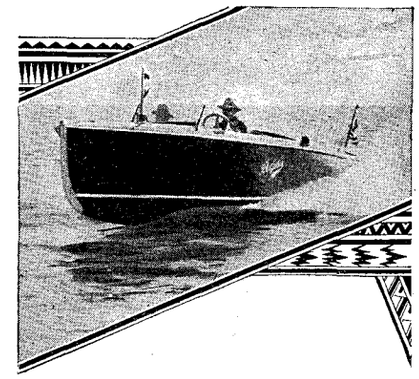

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

ONE OF THE RESULTS of Henry Ford's philosophy of industry is the week-end automobile ride. Bumper to bumper a large number of the nation's twenty-five odd million cars can be seen on their weekly exodus from any large city to the country. In the leading article of the next issue, "America on Wheels," Miss Frances Warfield, who once lived on the Boston Post road and who is a frequent contributor to the magazines, describes the behavior of these motorists after they have escaped the city. "I mastered the new philosophy of the open road," Miss Warfield writes, "I learned that it takes into account neither sportsmanship nor common sense. I learned that motorized America is cruel and careless, reckless and indifferent."

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Professor A. G. Keller of the Department of Sociology of Yale University. Professor Keller considers the relation of science to religion in his editorial and concludes that in this respect the function of science is to compel religion to adjust itself to reality.

POSSIBLY YOU made a fortune in Montgomery Ward. On the other hand you may have sold out too soon. In either case you will be interested in "Mammoth Stores, Preferred" by Edward F. Roberts. Mr. Roberts, formerly editor of the "Dry Goods Economist," thinks that the merging of department and chain stores has been overdone.

IT SEEMS THERE never was a Jimmy Valentine. No man ever opened a safe by feeling the tumblers of a combination lock fall. In an article, "Safe-Makers and Safe-Breakers," Mr. Jack Grey, author of "Man's Grim Justice," describes the war that has been waged between the safe manufacturers and the bank robbers.

AFTER MEETING with such success at Wichita it was only natural that Carry Nation should direct her attack towards the state capital, Topeka, which she had always regarded as a major objective. In the next installment of "The Background of a Crusader" Herbert Asbury describes the violence that followed her triumphal progress.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu"

WARNER OLAND, a character actor of sterling attainments, plays Dr. Fu Manchu in this all-talking picturization of the Sax Rohmer stories and, curiously enough, he is the weak spot in the melodrama. Or, let us say, a weak spot.

Mr. Oland is supposed to be playing a worthy Chinese gentleman who, through a series of fancied injustices, has been driven criminally insane. Plotting against the whites has become his hourly pastime, with a number of neat murders as the result. Mr. Oland invests this sinister character with such agreeable vacuity that one expects him to end the piece by declaring that the whole thing has been a huge lark and producing the corpses, who may be pictured as entering hand in hand singing a Christmas carol.

This deficiency in Mr. Oland's performance is directly attributable to his voice, which, (heard by us for the first time) is gentle, mellifluous and fat. It matters not how diabolic Mr. Oland may try to look; when he speaks, he spoils it. This was a big surprise to this department, who is accustomed to thinking of Warner Oland as an unspeakable villain, often a Celestial one; the fact is, in private life he is a studious, friendly man with a little house in the country and a passion for collecting things. This is precisely what he reminds one of while he is playing Fu Manchu.

O. P. Heggie has the part of Nayland Smith, the Scotland Yard-arm of the law, and his clipped accents are the best on any talking screen. His voice seems made for the microphone and his acting is so good that it ceases to be acting. Neil Hamilton, Claude King and William Austin are all extremely good and the venerable Charles Stevenson, in a brief rôle, is excellent. Jean Arthur looks pretty as the feminine lead and has still a few vital things to learn about being a speaking actress.

The story of "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" is conventional enough of its type, but we found it very easy to sit through. It's all good theatre (if we may use this daringly original phrase and still live) and it's so well done in the main that one is willing to forgive the places when the plot has gotten stretched out of shape. Good, snappy melodrama it is and, as such, we recommend it. But, we must say—Old Dr. Fu himself could have been so terrifying, it's a shame he was so nice and comfy.

"Lucky Star"

THE TRIO who gave us "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel" have now crashed through with a third offering—"Lucky Star."

Frank Borzage, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are the trinity in question, and regarding them we say:

Dealing first with Mr. Borzage, permit us to observe that he is a director of vast experience, lofty ideals and no taste. When the Old Hokum Bucket is found and exhibited, carved on its oozing sides will be the initials F. B.

Frank Borzage has gotten his hokum across in a big way, we'll admit that. "Seventh Heaven" was a box-office hit, and won the photoplay medal for its year. "Street Angel" ran and ran. "The River," with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, seemed to enjoy better than average popularity, although we, and others thought it was plain awful.

Charles Farrell made his first auspicious appearance as the raw-boned sailor-boy hero of "Old Ironsides" and he was fine. He has been getting ham, hammer, hammest, ever since, until now he does more things with his facial muscles than Dolores del Rio.

Janet Gaynor was good when she first appeared on the screen, she has been good ever since and she is good in "Lucky Star." If it weren't for Janet Gaynor and Guin Williams (now known as Guin "Big Boy" Williams), "Lucky Star" would have been a far worse picture than it is, talking sequences and all.

If you wish to see a picture about an ex-soldier with crippled legs, who lives in a cottage and mends things; who befriends a little farm girl and nicknames her "Baa-Baa" because she's a sort of black sheep; if you care to witness endless scenes between these two, wherein goo, guff and hooey battle feebly for supremacy, get yourself a ticket for "Lucky Star."

If, however, you're anything like us, you will be struck with the notion that "Lucky Star" is the sort of thing the movies have been struggling doggedly to get away from and you'll resent as fine an actress as Janet Gaynor being forced to waste her gifts on such tosh. "Baa-Baa!" With an l after each B, it would have been a good title for the picture.

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In the Lion's Den

(Continued from Page 573)

passed, "God be with you!" Unmolested by the police, and followed by a shouting throng which was interested not only in the prospect of further excitement but in the pungent odors which permeated the clothing of the four women, the crusaders scurried down Douglas Avenue and rushed into John Herring's Palace Café, where they chased several drinkers through the back doorway and then sent half a dozen stones crashing against the mirror and the sideboard array of bottles. But Herring did not possess the chivalry, or squeamishness, which had characterized James Burnes. When Carry Nation began hammering upon his bar with her hatchet and a heavy poker which she found leaning against the stove, he placed the muzzle of a revolver against her head and shouted that if she did not leave immediately he would blow her brains out. The sight of the ugly-looking weapon, and Herring's apparent determination, momentarily sobered the smashers; and informing the saloon-keeper that God would surely strike him dead, they abandoned his barroom and raced to the Hotel Carey, scene of Carry Nation's first Wichita triumph.

By this time all Wichita knew that the destroyer was again on the war-path, and throughout the town could be heard the patter of running feet as men, women and children left their homes and deserted their employment to see her in action, and to cheer or howl at her according to their sympathies. From Police Headquarters every available policeman was dispatched to check the threatened riot, and it seems fair to assume that in the Sedgwick County Court-house there was much tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth. More than 3,000 persons, with more arriving every moment, milled and yelled in the streets when Carry Nation and her supporting troops reached the Hotel Carey, before the door of which stood Detective Sutton and Patrolman Pryor, hastily summoned by the Mahan brothers to protect their property against further hatchetation. Detective Sutton seized Carry Nation's arm when she attempted to lunge past him, whereupon she struck at him with her poker, and an excited young man who had been running alongside her, shouting frantically, "Hooray for God and Carry Nation!" hit the detective in the face. He was promptly knocked down by Patrolman Pryor, and after a struggle the police arrested the four women and took them to Police Headquarters, whither they were escorted by an enormous crowd which filled the street from curb to curb, and the air with jeers, yells of approval. Meanwhile hundreds of men and boys swarmed busily about the wrecked barrooms, picking up bits of wood and fragments of glass as souvenirs, and carrying away bottles of beer and whisky filched from the stocks of the hapless saloon-keepers.

The doors at Police Headquarters were barred against the crowd, and Carry Nation and her embattled followers were taken into the private office of Chief of Police Cubbon, who released them on their promise not to do any more smashing before noon of the next day. Dr. Evans was called to dress his wife's injured hand, and then the four women marched proudly down the steps and into the street, where several thousand persons had waited to greet them. They clambered into a delivery wagon, the owner of which had offered to haul them home, and while Carry Nation, Mrs. Muntz and Mrs. Evans dropped to their knees and prayed loudly, Mrs. Wilhoite launched into a rousing harangue, declaring that they were proud to have destroyed the "rum-holes and murder mills." When she had finished, Carry Nation rose to her feet in the back of the wagon. With extreme deliberation she rolled her right sleeve up to the elbow, and with fist clinched raised her hand toward Heaven. Then she cried at the top of her voice:

"Men of Wichita, this is the right arm of God! I am destined to wreck every saloon in your city!"

During her period of incarceration, Carry Nation had received half a score of letters urging her to visit Enterprise, a town of about eight hundred population in Dickinson county, northern Kansas, and smash two saloons which had been operating there for several years. Since she was bound by her promise to abstain from smashing in Wichita for twenty-four hours, she resolved to perform this task immediately, and then proceed to Topeka, the state capital, where she proposed not only to smash saloons, but to prevent the passage of legislation favorable to the liquor traffic. Soon after dusk, a hatchet packed in the small valise with which she had set out from Medicine Lodge, she went to the railroad station. But meanwhile the county authorities had issued a warrant for her arrest, and as she was buying a ticket to Enterprise, Sheriff Simmons plucked at her sleeve and said:

"Madam, you are my prisoner."

Carry Nation whirled, screamed "Ahab!" and slapped the Sheriff's face, the smack of her palm against his cheek resounding throughout the building and causing a crowd to gather. Then she seized his ears and wrung them viciously. Sheriff Simmons was a very small man, and although he struggled bravely, he was no match for the aroused crusader, for his innate chivalry and profound respect for womankind forbade him kicking, biting or striking her. When a city policeman finally came leisurely to his assistance, Carry Nation was literally dragging him about the waiting-room by the ears, while the crowd yelled encouragement to her and jocose advice to the Sheriff. Together the policeman and Sheriff Simmons carried the struggling smasher to a cab, and she was driven to the County Jail and locked in a large and comfortable cell. A few minutes later Mrs. Wilhoite appeared in the custody of a deputy, her face glowing with the rapture of martyrdom. When Carry Nation saw her she screamed "Hallelujah, Sister!" and Mrs. Wilhoite shouted, "Glory to God!" Then another deputy ushered in Mrs. Evans, and the three were placed in the same cell and given a cot each. "This was one of the glorious heavenly and refreshing times," wrote Carry Nation. "We sang hymns, repeated Scripture, and laughed and cried by turns to think that we were worthy to suffer for His sake. 'The table was prepared before us in the presence of our enemies, our cup runneth over'."

Next afternoon Carry Nation, Mrs. Wilhoite and Mrs. Evans were arraigned before Judge Dale of the District Court, who ordered them released in bail of $1,000 each, which was provided several hours later by temperance and prohibition workers. Dr. Evans refused to sign his wife's bond, declaring that she had been hypnotized by Carry Nation. No sooner had word spread that the doughty hatchet-wielder would soon be upon the streets again, than the Wichita agents of the large insurance companies notified the saloon-keepers that all accident policies on bar fixtures had been cancelled, and would not be renewed so long as Carry Nation was active. The jointists immediately began employing guards, who patrolled the barrooms, armed with revolvers and bludgeons. But Carry Nation was not liberated until after dark, and when she left the jail went immediately to the railroad station to board a train for Enterprise. And apparently most of Wichita went with her. A large crowd had surged back and forth before the prison all day, and when the doors opened and the crusader walked down the steps a free woman, she was greeted by a roaring chorus of jeers and cat-

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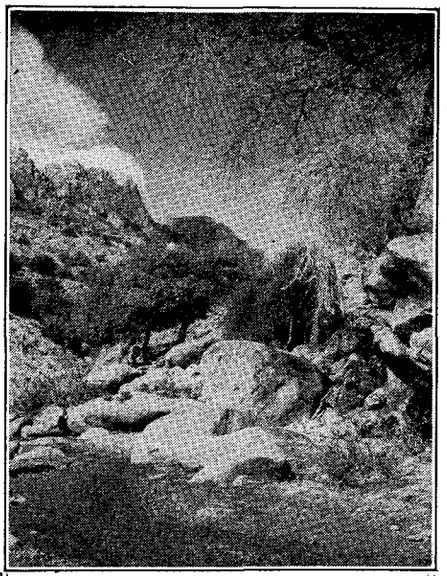

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calls, in which were mingled a few shouts of encouragement. Constantly increasing in size, the mob tramped boisterously behind her, and the streets in the vicinity of the railroad station were soon almost impassible, although the police had hurriedly diverted vehicular traffic into other thoroughfares. Scores of Carry Nation's enemies were in the forefront of the throng, and several times they pressed so closely against her that she was compelled to stop until her friends came to her rescue. Finally, as she was being mauled and pushed about, half a score of members of the Salvation Army, who had been holding a corner meeting, struggled through the mob and formed a hollow square about her, and then marched steadily onward with booming drum and tooting horn, while Carry Nation's voice rose high above the tumult with cries of "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" Half a block from the train-shed a man who sported a long black mustache and an immense sombrero gained the crusader's side and insisted upon carrying her valise. At length she asked him:

"Are you one of the Salvation Army?"

"No," he replied. "I am only a tinhorn gambler."

"Why do you seem to be such a friend of mine?"

"Because you are a good woman and I will see you safe. I intend that no one shall hurt you."

The crowding was even more dangerous inside the railroad station, but Carry Nation finally managed to board the train, where she stood on the bottom step and said goodbye to the gambler, informing him that he was certainly going to hell. The mob continued to yell at her, and when she opened a window of the car to shout a parting message, she was immediately pelted with rotten eggs. "But the window fell down," she wrote, "and I did not get a spatter. God said to me, 'I will stand by you,' and that explains it." The eggs were followed by a shower of stones, which broke several panes of glass and rattled noisily against the side of the car. The other passengers were panic-striken and fled hastily into other coaches, but throughout the bombardment Carry Nation sat calmly, her face beaming with happiness.

(To Be Continued)

What Admirals Think

(Continued from Page 567)

after the next war is declared, all the admirals' battleships will have been neatly and expeditiously sunk by bombing airplanes, and that it does not make any real difference whether any agreement is reached on naval disarmament or not. In proof that even the British Admiralty has begun to suspect this, it is pointed out that for the first time in history the English are beginning to be civil, and more than civil, to France, which has the world's largest air force.

However, most people agree it would be a good thing for the United States and Great Britain to settle their differences. It seems certain that Mr. Hoover intends to make a determined effort to do this. He has already, through Ambassador Gibson at Geneva, suggested a "naval yardstick," and American and British admirals are at present working out the details. By this proposal, tonnage calibre, and number of guns, age and speed, receive fixed values. A 6,000-ton cruiser, mounting eight-inch guns, four years old and with a speed of more than 30 knots, may, for instance, add up to 89. Every nation is to be allotted a total number of points. The United States and Great Britain will receive the same number, Japan three-fifths as many, and all the other countries correspondingly less. Each nation is to use its points, within certain limits, for whatever ships it wants. Each 6,000-ton cruiser means 89 points have been used up, if that is the figure agreed upon. There will be higher and lower figures, but the fighting efficiency of each fleet will be in the exact relation of the number of points assigned to it.

To cynical European observers, this "yardstick" appears incredibly naïve. They admit that almost any admiral could figure out an acceptable "yardstick" on his cuff, while you were talking to him. But what is the use of "yardsticks," they ask, as long as the American Navy, by its mere existence, destroys the value of the British Fleet as the peacetime instrument of empire which it must be, if the English are to carry out their traditional policies?

Shortly after his meeting with Mr. MacDonald at Lossiemouth, General Dawes, speaking at a dinner of the Pilgrims' Society in London, violently assailed the admirals, both American and British. They would not, he declared, be permitted to have anything to do with the projected disarmament meeting between the United States and England. Once more, European observers smiled. Still, these Europeans have not always proved to be right about our country, as the Kellogg Pact will witness. However, it is probably true that it will take more than General Dawes to silence the admirals. Sir Charles Madden and his Sea Lords, at any rate, will have something to say.

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COPY *for Aug. 21 issue due on or before Aug. 10. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write*
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The Jew: A Problem for America

(Continued from Page 577)

contradiction between this self-imposed problem and their present attitude toward the Jew, between their vaunted democratic ideal and the restrictions and discriminations which are operative today. And yet these things are plain enough to see. The stain of ostracism has spread in an ever-increasing blot. From home and club to school and office, to shop and factory and on and on! Socially it is most obvious. The exclusion of Jews from clubs, for instance, is now taken as a matter of course, though certain semi-public societies accept a few "amateur Gentiles" as exhibits against the charge of prejudice. Throughout the country there are apartment-houses, hotels, resorts and neighborhoods which refuse admittance to the Jew. Restriction of Jewish students, open or covert, is practised in hundreds of schools, public and private. And representation in communal enterprises, other than those which need financial contributions, is most grudgingly granted.

Economic discrimination affects lower classes but causes material as well as spiritual injuries. It is exercised in the professions and the trades, in the field of the trained worker as well as the unskilled laborer. The mechanical trades are notoriously closed to the Jew, even as teaching is. It is not exaggerating to say that there are not more than one hundred Jewish employees above the rank of brakeman on all the railroads of America. Recommendations of training and industry do not mean half as much as an Americanized name in finding acceptance at the telephone laboratories. A national chain of restaurants advertises for "blond" waiters and waitresses only and yet eagerly accepts dark-haired Irish and Italian applicants. Jewish medical graduates have a tremendous task in finding hospital interneships. Owners of advertising agencies, Jewish as well as Gentile, confess that they cannot use Jews in executive or "contact" positions for fear that the prevalent prejudice would be reflected in loss of business. And every large employment bureau can furnish a thousand cases where individual employers have specified an anti-Jewish bias.

It is not the multiplicity of instances but their being expressions of the same feeling which is important. It is not the aberration of Henry Ford, but the millions of Americans who gave credence to his nonsense, which indicates the temper of the people.

"Men believe a thing," wrote Spinoza, "when they behave as if it were true."

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The Jew gave this concrete proof of his belief in the promise of America, in her doctrines of democracy and her ideals of assimilation when he tore asunder living bonds and left his home in the old world, when he discarded an ancient culture and accepted a new mode of life, when he submerged his personality, so far as it was possible, in order to conform more closely to the pattern of this life. Now he begins to doubt. I do not refer to the hysterical outbursts in which some of these doubts have become articulate. I mean the indications he has given in his recent behaviour.

Gradually, and in the main unconsciously, the Jew is acquiring a new conception of America and of his own position in America. Rather tragically, he loses hope in the ennobling qualities of American ideals and slowly but perceptibly he abandons the theory of assimilation. Evidence of this is everywhere forthcoming. Jewish clubs, fraternities and economic organizations are the obvious answer to Gentile exclusion. The revival of the study of Hebrew, even in such uncompromising citadels of assimilation as Reform temples, is one of the most striking instances. In fact, the increasing emphasis on Jewish education, for which thousands of dollars are spent annually, is a conscious effort to intensify the Jewishness of the younger generation and again a reaction to the Gentile hostility which branded this Jewishness as inferior. The constant addition of native-born Jews to the Zionist movement, hitherto supported almost entirely by the foreign element, is another sign of disillusionment. Even more significant is the recent organization of the Jewish Agency, a non-partisan body dedicated to furthering the rebuilding of Palestine as a Jewish National Home, among whose leaders are Louis Marshall, Felix Warburg, Cyrus Adler and other chieftains of the assimilationist group that once combatted Zionism as a menace to Jewish life in America. And finally, there is the boldly and clearly-articulated decision that, however much he may desire it, no self-respecting Jew can be one hundred per cent American until America is prepared to be at least four per cent Jewish.

But the American too believed—and still believes! He still thinks his country is fair and free, his principles liberal and democratic, his ideal unchanged and undefiled. How then does he reconcile the obvious prejudice and anti-Semitism with democracy and fairness? He does not try to. He announces that anti-Jewish feeling is un-American, prevalent only among the unassimilated immigrants, the Irish, Germans, Poles. If pressed for a personal reaction, he escapes the contradiction by a simple psychological dodge. Ask him and he will answer in all sincerity: He does not hate Jews; he detests vulgar Jews. He does not object to Jewish employees; he must protect himself against the wicked Jewish worker. He does not exclude Jews from universities or clubs or teams; he simply does not want this or that or the other horrid type of Jew in his schools and clubs and teams. In short, he particularizes. But it is time that he recognized this as a dodge, time he realized that a group is made up of individuals and that he cannot indict these individuals on a hundred contradictory counts without making the entire group feel it is unjustly accused and a victim of prejudice. It is time—and none too soon—to rid the American people of a delusion which makes a joke of their ideas and a tragedy of the lives of more than four million fellow-citizens.

The Prospect for American Literature

(Continued from Page 587)

language-images can only be considered, and are considered by himself, comparative failures. And it is this same limitation which, in addition to humility, often gives him a certain contemptuous impatience with his admirers. This is mistaken for simple egoism or conceit, whereas, in fact, it is a form of disappointment. He feels their praise to be unstinted only because they are incapable of perceiving how far the words they read have fallen short of the picture in his mind.

The way in which the inadequacy of clumsy language as a medium for subtle thought may be to some extent escaped is to abandon the attempt to reproduce the idea in detail and instead, using language not as a photographic plate but as a curtained window, merely to suggest features of the scene with such emphasis and economy as will impel the reader to complete the picture for himself. This, of course, presupposes a certain creative ability on the reader's part.

It is here, if not long before, that you may encounter difficulty. A national life which just now leaves little time for its citizens to learn to write has left hardly more for them to learn to read. Not gaining, or not being accustomed to gain pleasure out of efforts of the mind, spirit, or imagination, they often prefer a book where an idea as simple as the fertilizer customer's is presented in language as literal.

But that is a transition stage. Till just now we were a land of pioneers preoccupied by varied, boundless, pressing practical affairs and constrained to be resourceful, versatile, quick, rather than reflective, profound.

And even yet, in spite of staggering statistics from the publishers, we are not ready to give much thought to books. For in a country, such as ours is now, where man's lot is continually improving, if only economically, we find sufficient satisfaction in the acceptance of that lot. We do not feel the need of thinking about it, about man's relationship to the physical world, to his fellowmen, or to the Infinite.

But all literature of importance must be motivated by a passionate point of view toward at least one of these relationships. And to flourish, it must be supported by readers who feel, if only subconsciously, the weight of these relationships.

As economic factors—production, distribution, and communications—improve and increase, men discover that while these may distribute means to happiness they fail to create it. Men rediscover that happiness, if found, is found in an attitude toward life.

It looks to me as if this country's economic jump-ahead, while destined to continue long and far, has passed its peak. Certainly in communication it is hard to see how any increase in speed over television can be expected, and even in the airplane any future increase will hardly compare to the speeding up already accomplished over the horse and sailing ship.

At least from now on changes may be less distractingly dramatic. They will not monopolize our interest or our hopes. We will use them and find them powerless to solve the essential problem of our life. We will turn more to our own spirits and to men who have something to say on the matter.

If this happens, and I think we can see its beginning now, we shall become a field for a great literature. But only a field. To complete our destiny, if such it is, we shall need the miraculous and unpredictable accident of great writers worthy of the field.

If, dear sir or madam, you have read this far and if you still feel like setting out on such an arduous and problematical venture, such a struggle against the imperfections of mankind, yourself included, I can, as I told you, give you no help worth much, certainly none worthy of your courage. But I can give you a cheer and the wish that if by any fatuous benignity of fate our destiny is about to be realized, some share in it may be your own.

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